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# THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 361. LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868. [ONE PENNY.]

## STATE AND CHURCH.

THE Protestant demonstration in opposition to the proposed disestablishment of the Irish Church took place on Monday, at the Crystal Palace. For such a gathering the day was most unpropitious, and the speeches were accordingly delivered in the central transept, instead of in the open air, as originally intended. The chair was taken by Lord Fitzwalter, better known as Sir Brook Bridges, and the first resolution, deprecating the attempt "to effect a solemn and radical change in the principles of the constitution by hasty and ill-considered legislation," was moved by Mr. Hardinge Giffard, Q.C. About 5,000 persons were present, and the proceedings were characterised by order throughout. A donation of £2,000 was forwarded by the Duke of Portland "for Protestant purposes."

A sufficiently comprehensive view of the day's performances may be gained by the report of the opening of the proceedings.

Mr. Nugent went to the front and said he wished to show that the great people of the land had not, amidst all these difficulties (Irish Church question), burst the bounds and broken their oath. He had a letter addressed to himself by one of the princes of the land—the Duke of Portland. (Cheers.) His Grace said that although the country was more indebted to those who gave their personal services than to those who promise ways and means, it was with the greatest pleasure that he had written that day to Messrs. Drummond instructions to pay £2,000 to the credit of the fund for the demonstration. (Cheers.) What, said Mr. Nugent, did they think of that?

The Chairman, in the course of his remarks, thought fit to commit himself to the following statements:—

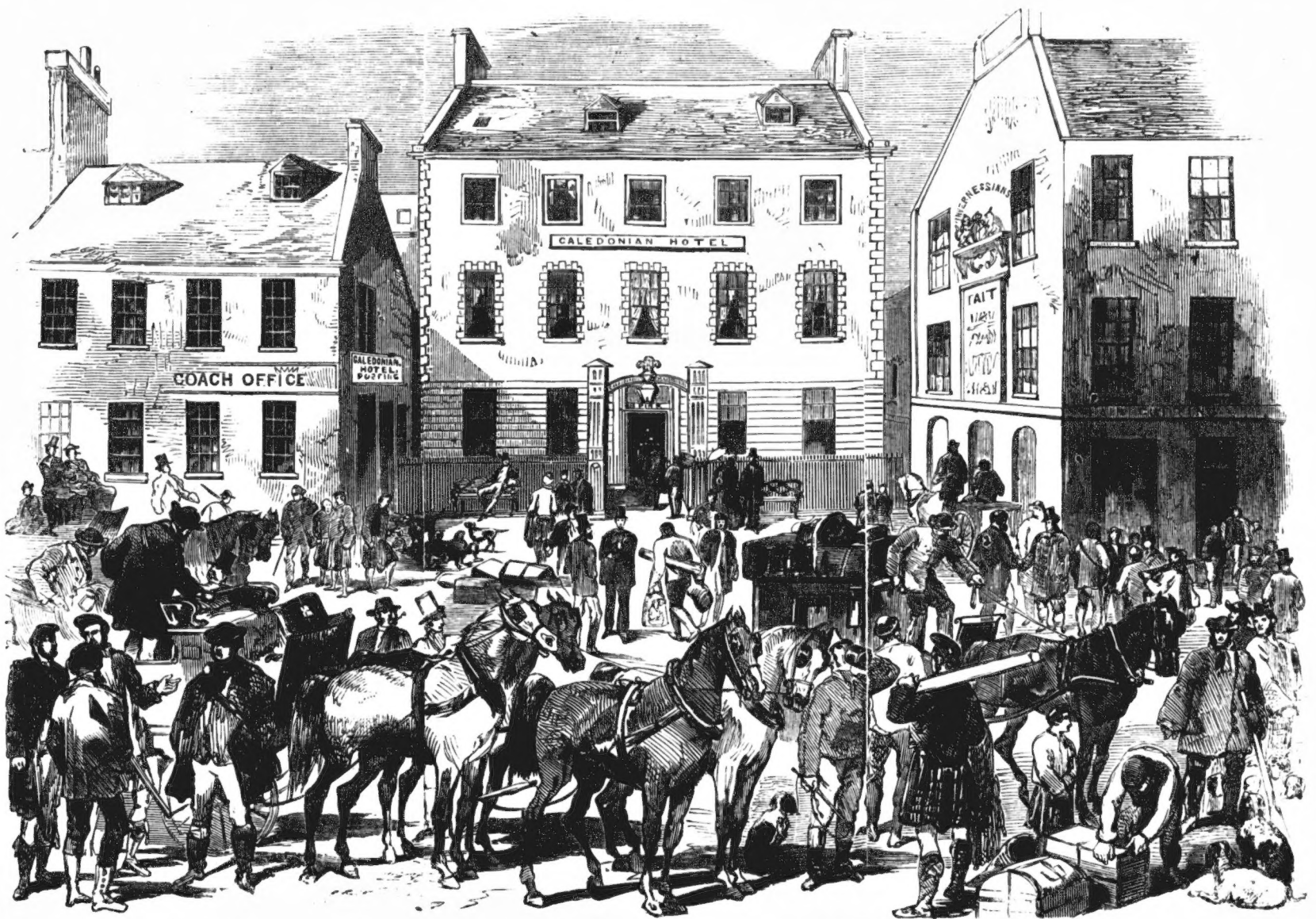
"We have two general propositions, which I shall take the liberty, before I call upon other gentlemen, to allude to, and those propositions, in the first place, are the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in Ireland. Now this simply means the transfer of Ireland to the power of the Roman Catholics. (Cheers, and "No, no.") A simple nucleus for Protestants to gather round exists now in many parts of Ireland, but if the pure Word of God, as proclaimed in our Bible, is taken away, I should like to know what establishment there will be in that country that will be able to compete with the machinations of the Church of Rome. (Cheers.) Clearly the result will be to throw the whole power of the religious element of that country into the hands of the Roman Catholics. I am sorry to say there is another difficulty that presses upon us at the present moment. It is not a new thing. We remember how the libertine King Charles II. and the bigoted King James II. endeavoured to introduce Popery into this country. What was the result? The people of England rose as one man. (Cheers.) They changed their dynasty. They founded a new dynasty, which is handed down in our beloved Queen, than whom there is no person in the world more attached to Protestant principles, and to that pure religion which we profess. I call upon you, then, to maintain, by this demonstration, the pure word of God undefiled by Popish emissaries."

A correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph* speaks in the following sweeping terms of the meeting:—

"SIR,—The great Anti-Irish Church Disestablishment, Protestant Alliance, and No Popery Demonstration has proved a delusion, an imposture, and a sham. I record the fact with sorrow. When you have assisted at a gathering of any kind, when you know that your individuality, insignificant as it may be, will be recorded in the journals as adding one to the numbers who assembled to protest in favour of a great principle, you don't like, somehow, to think you might as well, or perhaps better, have stopped at home. Yet so it is. With mortification and regret, I acknowledge that I who write to you have taken part in as dreary a *fasco* as it ever fell to any man to witness."

In the meantime, while on one side it is maintained that the disestablishment of the Irish Protestant Church means the annihilation of the Constitution, and the other urges that such an operation will be the making of the United Kingdom, may we be allowed to reproduce here a few of the sentiments of the Rev. Sydney Smith, one of the first Protestant gentlemen, and certainly the first Protestant clergyman, to advocate all shapes of Catholic emancipation. He says:—

"We have not the smallest partiality for the Catholic religion—quite the contrary. That it should exist at all, that all Catholics are not converted to the Protestant religion we consider to be a serious evil. But there they are, with their spirit as strong and their opinions as decided as your own. The Protestant part of the Cabinet have quite given up all idea of putting them to death. What remains to be done? We all admit the evil,—the object is to make it as little as possible. One method commonly resorted to we are sure does



OFF TO THE MOORS—A SCENE AT INVERNESS.



not lessen but increase the evil; and that is to falsify history, and deny plain and obvious facts, to the injury of the Catholics. No true friend to the Protestant religion, and to the Church of England, will ever have recourse to such disingenuous arts as these."

Sydney Smith wound up one of his wonderful letters upon the Catholic question in these words, "And they suit the present time as they fitted the state of affairs in reference to Catholic questions now half a century since."

"We conclude," says he, "with a few words of advice to the different opponents of the Catholic question, and which we in these days call the Irish Church question."

"To the No-Popery Fool."

"You are made use of by men who laugh at you and despise you for your folly and ignorance, and who, the moment it suits their purpose, will consent to the emancipation of the Catholics, and have you to rear and bellow 'No Popery' to vacancy and the moon."

"To the No-Popery Rogue."

"A shameful and scandalous game to sport with the serious interests of the country, in order to gain some increase of public power."

"To the Honest No-Popery People."

"We respect you very sincerely, but are astonished at your existence."

"To the Base."

"Sweet children of turpitude beware, the old anti-Popery people are fast perishing away. Take heed that you are not surprised by an emancipating king or an emancipating administration. Leave a *locus penitentiae*, prepare a place for retreat, get ready your equivocations and denials. The dreadful day may yet come when liberality may lead to place and power. We understand these matters here. It is safest to be moderately base, to be flexible in shame, and to be always ready for what is generous, good, and just, when anything is to be gained by virtue."

"To the Catholics."

"Wait. Do not add to your miseries by a mad and desperate rebellion. Persevere in civil exertions, and concede all you can concede. All great alterations in human affairs are produced by compromise."

## COURT AND SOCIETY.

Hrs Royal Highness Prince John of Glucksburg has arrived at Abergele on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. His royal highness will remain several weeks the guest of the Prince and Princess.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, after a short sojourn in Scotland, will proceed to Denmark on a visit to the parents of the Princess; from thence their Royal Highnesses will go to Sweden, and it is believed before returning to England that the Prince and Princess will pay a visit to the King and Queen of Greece, at Athens.

There is at present a very active movement amongst several of the European sovereigns. The King of Prussia has been in motion along the banks of the Rhine, from Bonn to Schwalbach, Schwalbach to Coblenz, from Coblenz to Wiesbaden, and from Wiesbaden to Dusseldorf. The Emperor of Russia, who arrived in Kissingen a few days back, went to Schwalbach to see the King of Prussia, and has now returned to Kissingen from Schwalbach. The Kings of Bavaria and Wurtemberg have visited the Czar and Empress at this favourite bathing-place. The Bavarian King has now gone to Starnberg to meet the Emperor Francis Joseph, who has gone to visit the Empress, his wife, at Posenhofen. The Swedish and Danish royal families have been visiting and returning visits with one another lately, and the latter, with the exception of the Prince Royal, who has remained at home as regent, embarked three days ago to pay a visit to the Imperial family of St. Petersburg.

### POSTAL SERVICE TO AUSTRALIA.

A LETTER has been forwarded to the various Chambers of Commerce by Mr. Purdy, of the Bank of South Australia, urging upon them the need of an improved postal service. It sets forth:—"The bankers, merchants, and others in London, Glasgow, Belfast, Limerick, and Liverpool have already memorialized the Government on the subject, and the signature to those memorials are not less than 300 in number, representing those who are more or less interested in the business. As there is great difficulty in knowing what course the Government intends to pursue, from no reply being given as yet to the complaints which have now existed since March last, it is considered expedient to bring an increased pressure upon the Post-office by a still further and more extended expression of public opinion. This has become the more necessary, because each month proves that the mail service is most inadequate to the commerce of Australia, to the large correspondence naturally going forward between families, and for the maintenance of social ties among the various classes forming the empire at large. No special route is advocated, nor are the interests of any particular colony studied. The memorialists look to the Government for all details to be satisfactorily arranged; and regarding the question as one of imperial importance, they believe the authorities in this country can best determine the mode by which to prevent or overcome the differences which are inevitable to a large group of colonies at a great distance from England, having many opposing interests and conflicting claims. The establishment of a fortnightly service will go far of itself to remove jealousies, as is proved by the most recent intelligence from Australia; and it is to this remedy for present grievances and a true measure of advance that the memorial principally directs attention." A memorial to the Duke of Montrose, for signature, is appended.

THE CZAR AND PRESIDENT JOHNSON.—A short time since it was stated in the New York papers that the Czar had sent a letter to President Johnson congratulating him upon his acquittal of the charge brought against him at the impeachment trial, and it was satirically remarked that had Congress been aware of this circumstance it would not have been in such a hurry to sanction the payment of the purchase-money of Alaska. It now appears that no such letter was ever written. The *New York Tribune* denies the statement on "incontrovertible authority," and declares that the Russian government never interferes in the domestic politics of other countries. "The story," it adds, "probably grew out of a letter recently received from the Emperor, announcing the birth of a son to the heir apparent."

A COOL ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.—On Saturday morning, about 6 o'clock, George Nash, a farm labourer at Lewisham, while proceeding to his work along a line, called to a boy, saying, "Go and tell the first policeman you meet a man has cut his throat." The boy meeting a constable shortly afterwards told him what had occurred, and the constable hastening to the spot, he found Nash sitting down with a razor in his hand, with which he had cut his throat. Medical aid was at once procured, and the sufferer was conveyed to Lewisham workhouse, where he still remains. He had been drinking freely of late, and was evidently labouring under an attack of delirium.

## HOME AND DOMESTIC.

THE Grand National Hunt Meeting will, says the *Sporting Gazette*, be held at Wetherby again next year, and not in Cheshire, as was generally expected. The latter county certainly possesses great claims to a visit from an institution ostensibly established for the improvement of the breed of hunters, whose meetings were to be migratory.

THE first private execution in Great Britain was carried out on the 13th inst. within the walls of the county gaol at Maidstone. The culprit was the young man Thomas Wells, a railway porter, who shot the station master at the Priory station at Dover, on the 1st of May last. He was only eighteen years of age. The execution took place in the presence of the prison officials, the reporters, and a few persons representing the general public.

THE committee for securing the return of Mr. Otway for Chatham, having heard that some of the dockyard officials were attempting to coerce the workmen under them to vote against the hon. gentleman, made a complaint to the Captain-Superintendent. An official memorandum has since been issued warning any of the officials against exercising such influence, and adding that dismissal from the establishment will be the penalty for disobeying this order.

IN October, 1866, there was an accident on the Bow and Fenchurch-street branch of the North London Railway, which involved the company in compensation charges to the amount of about £4,500. As the receipts from the branch are comparatively small, the directors have given notice that the train service will be discontinued at the end of the present year. The "unlimited liability for compensation in case of accident" under the existing law has had some influence in bringing the board to this conclusion.

A MEMORIAL to the Lord Chancellor, praying for a remedy for the evils which exist in connection with the patenting of inventions, have been adopted by the Manchester Patent Law Reform Association. It is suggested that commissioners should be appointed to represent mechanical, chemical, and natural science, and the memorialists express a belief that facility of access to the library of the Patent-office, and a moderate supervision, would lead to a voluntary abandonment of many patents, or to a revision of the applications for new ones.

RISK ALLAH has at length received the £960 damages obtained by him against the *Daily Telegraph* so many weeks ago. No sooner had the verdict been given than "some of the Bey's creditors, the City Offices Company amongst the number, were anxious to secure a portion of the money, and, under these circumstances, the defendants paid the money into court. It was stated at Judge's Chambers that the matter in dispute between the plaintiff in the late action and the City Offices Company had been settled, and an order was therefore made for the payment of the £960 to Risk Allah.

THE half-yearly report of the Great Northern Railway shows that the gross receipts during the first six months of the present year were over a million sterling, while the expenditure amounted to £532,000. After providing for fixed charges and preference shareholders a balance of £180,585 remains for the ordinary dividend, which is at the rate of 4½ per cent. per annum on the original stock. The withdrawal of a great part of the Midland goods traffic has lessened the receipts, but a more serious reduction resulted from the mild winter and the long-continued hot weather. The company has carried 126,000 tons of coals less than in 1867, and the consequent loss of revenue is nearly £23,000.

MR. UNWIN, the Sheffield solicitor, who, it will be remembered, was also in the iron trade and failed for a large amount, and who was on Friday convicted of concealment of property and false statements, with the intention of defrauding his creditors, was again placed at the bar on Saturday to receive sentence. It was urged in extenuation that, although the sums involved were gigantic, the debts of the bankrupt being £150,000, the sums he had fraudulently kept back were but small, and the jury, therefore, recommended him to mercy. The judge said that, if the jury had been aware that the assets were only £8,000, they might not have made that recommendation; but, nevertheless, gave effect to it by leniently sentencing the prisoner to nine months' imprisonment only.

### MELANCHOLY AND SUSPICIOUS OCCURRENCE AT PETERHEAD.

A VERY sad occurrence came to light here on Saturday morning. Mr. Carle, the railway station watchman, while going his rounds in the morning, came upon the dead body of a woman reclining against the engine-house. This was about one o'clock in the morning. The watchman instantly gave the alarm, and the case was soon in the hands of the police. The melancholy affair is at present involved in mystery. The woman's name was Mary Wilson. She had been a servant in the district for some considerable time, and had friends in Peterhead. She has been in country service for some time, and had come to Peterhead with the last train on Thursday night. It is stated that she was seen to come off the train at Inverque, and travel direct to Peterhead. Inverque is the station next to Peterhead, and is out of the town about two miles and a half. The Peterhead railway station is about one hundred yards out of town, and there are no houses near. The body when found was in a sitting posture, the hands resting on the lap, and grasping a pistol. There was a gunshot wound in the neck. It is stated, however, that the wound might have been made with a knife. There was not the slightest mark of a struggle having taken place, and none of the station officials heard the report of a pistol. There were two men in the engine-house—one an engine-cleaner and the other a friend who was visiting him. The engine-cleaner is reported to have been a sweetheart of the unfortunate woman's. The engine-house runs alongside the turnpike, and is separated from the road by a wire fence. The wall of the house is about ten or twelve yards from the road. To the place where the body was found, a small footpath has been made by the station officials taking a short cut to their work. It is not known whether the woman had died by her own hands or was murdered. The station watchman was in a position to hear a shot had such been fired. The night was stormy and a pretty stiff breeze was blowing at times, which might have prevented the sound travelling far, but could scarcely have deadened it altogether. The engine-cleaner and the other man are in custody. Drs. Comrie and Jamieson were soon in attendance, and the authorities are making the fullest investigations. The affair has naturally caused a good deal of excitement in the town.—*Scotsman*.

DEATH OF MILES O'REILLY.—General Charles G. Halpine, the American journalist, better known as Miles O'Reilly, died on Sunday, the 2nd, at the Astor-house, New York, after a few hours' illness, of congestion of the brain. The deceased was in his 39th year. During the war he served on the staff of General Hunter, and it was while in that position, says the *New York Times*, that he wrote to one of the New York papers an amusing correspondence signed "Miles O'Reilly, private of the Forty-seventh Regiment N. Y. V. Infantry, Tenth Army Corps." Miles gave a ludicrous account of the trouble he had got into by writing some poetry complimentary to Admiral Dahlgren, of how he had been thrown into prison, and maltreated in various ways. For some time the correspondence was supposed by the public to be genuine, and much commiseration was expressed for the poetic but unfortunate Miles. The truth, however, came out at last, and from that period to the day of his death General Halpine was better known by the name of Miles O'Reilly than by his own.

## FOREIGN AND GENERAL.

THE Emperor of the French, on the occasion of his fete day, granted commutations of punishment to 938 soldiers in the military prisons, and to 1,653 convicts in penitentiaries and other correctional establishments.

THE trial of M. Rochefort, the editor of the *Lanterne*, for inciting to hatred and contempt of the Imperial government, took place in Paris. M. Rochefort was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of 10,000f. (£100), and his printer to six months' imprisonment and a fine of 2,000f. (£20). Neither of the accused was present at the trial.

It is pointed out as a significant circumstance that on the very day when the Emperor Napoleon's pacific speech at Troyes was published in the *Moniteur*, there was a fall in the price of the *Financiers*, and another on the two following days. According to the *Liberte*, the Emperor's statements ought to have been followed by a rise of a franc.

AN American paper states that the last winter in the Polar Sea was the mildest known for 25 years, and that the natives of the seas lost all their winter supply of meat, which is usually preserved by being frozen. It is likely that the whalers, through the mildness of last winter, will be able to penetrate during the summer even farther than they did last year into the Polar Sea.

AN International Commercial Convention is now being held at Portland, in the United States. The delegates present number more than two hundred, and many are from Canada. The *New York Tribune* says that this attendance seems to indicate the interest felt in reciprocity between the United States and the Canadian in the lake and St. Lawrence navigation, and in an international railway across the continent.

THE usual contradictory accounts are in circulation respecting Count Bismarck's health. According to one statement it is from being in a satisfactory state. Indeed, we are told that the Count is obliged to resort to opium in order to obtain sleep. Our Berlin correspondent states, however, that according to the latest accounts from Yarzín the health of the distinguished statesman has much improved. He is in excellent spirits, receives despatches from the King every day, and passes a considerable part of his time in the transaction of business.

THE manifestations which took place in honour of the son of General Cavaignac at the College of Charlemagne were renewed at the distribution of prizes in the College Sainte-Barbe, where M. de Corcelles, a personal friend of General Cavaignac, pronounced a warm eulogy on the former chief of the executive under the republic of 1848. "The applause of the students continued for full 20 minutes." "The government is reported to be very anxious," says the *Independence Belge*, "with regard to the excited state of feeling amongst the student classes in Paris."

THE Secretary of the United States Treasury has signed a warrant for the payment of the purchase money of Alaska, the sum being 7,200,000 dollars in specie. The draft for that amount, payable in New York, was handed over on the 1st inst. to the Russian Ambassador, Baron Stoeckl, who gave a receipt in due form on behalf of the Emperor of Russia. According to the *New York papers* Mr. Seward is in negotiation for a fresh purchase of territory, a large and fertile island of the Malay group, to be used as an East India station. The price is six hundred thousand dollars.

THE *Moniteur* publishes a report from M. Magne, the Finance Minister, respecting the success of the new French loan. According to this official statement the loan has been subscribed for nearly thirty-four times over; that is to say, four hundred and fifty millions of francs were asked for, and fifteen thousand millions have been offered. In addition to this circumstance, the report points out that the sum actually deposited in hard cash by applicants amounts to six hundred and sixty millions, or nearly half as much again as the entire loan. M. Magne considers these facts a most striking proof of the grandeur of France, and of her confidence in Imperial institutions and the wisdom of the Sovereign.

Two labourers, named Maillard and Cante, aged respectively 21 and 27, have just been tried at Rouen for murder at Gravelle-Saint-Honorine (Seine-Inferieure). On the evening of the 15th April last they went to a small restaurant in that town, kept by a man named Beaugendre and his wife, and then, waiting until all the customers had left, they rushed at the unfortunate couple with the intention of killing them both, in order to rob the house. The throat of the husband was cut mortally by Maillard, but the cries of the woman, who was also seriously wounded, alarmed the neighbours, and the two men, fearing to be arrested, made off. They were afterwards captured, and now being brought up for trial, Maillard was condemned to death, and Cante to hard labour for life.

THE *Temps* gives the following chronicle of the history of the wretched French press from the 1st to the 14th August:—"August 1: Condemnation of Duportal, editor, and M. Savy, printer, of *L'Emanicipation*, for outraging a creed recognised by the State. August 5: Condemnation of Henri Rochefort to four months' imprisonment, and £3 fine, for striking the printer of a libel. Ditto: Fine of £2 on Rochefort for non-insertion of a *communiqué*. Ditto: Action of M. Parent against Policeman André for assault, dismissed. Ditto: The editor of the *Messenger du Sud-Ouest*, fined £8; and the manager of the same journal, fined £10. August 6: M. Dubuisson, printer of the *Reveil*, fined £20 for an article exciting to contempt of government. August 9: The *Eclair*, summoned on the same charge. August 10: The *Eclair*, admonished from being sold in the streets. August 12: The *Figaro*, fined £20 for publishing the report of the case of Rochefort v. Marchal and Stamir. August 14: Condemnation of M. Rochefort to one year's imprisonment and £400 fine; of M. Dubuisson, printer, to three months' imprisonment and £80 fine. Ditto: Public sale of the *Independant de Montargis* and of the *Journal de Macon* prohibited. Ditto: Prosecution of the *Liberal de Seine et Oise*. August 15: Public rejoicings in honour of Saint Napoleon."

M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN publishes, as applicable to the present time, the following letter, which he says was found among the papers of his father, Count Alexandre de Girardin, who was Grand Veneur at the time it was written:—

"THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS I. TO KING CHARLES X."

"November, 1829.  
"My brother,—This is not a letter from sovereign to sovereign, but from one great people to another. You have no frontiers, and you are no longer a power of the first order. Take the limits of the Rhine, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and then France will be constituted. As to me—the population of Russia amounts to 80 millions—i.e., 50 millions of serfs, and 30 millions of freemen. It is impossible for me to foresee what may be the state of Russia a quarter of a century hence, if I judge by the difficulties I meet with to-day. I must go to Constantinople in order to have the three necessary elements of wealth—agriculture, manufactures, and commerce. At present I am deprived of the two last. Make a treaty offensive and defensive, and I will sign it directly. Be well persuaded that your friends will be my friends, and your enemies my enemies. Such are the conditions of this treaty." M. de Girardin says the original of this letter must be in the archives, and that government would do well to look for it.

THE NEW FRENCH LOAN.—The *Moniteur* of Monday announces that subscribers of 3,000f. and upwards of Rentes to the French Loan are to receive back nine-tenths of their deposits.



# MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

**FRERY LANE.**—This theatre will open on the 26th of September with a dramatic version, by Mr. Andrew Halliday, of "The Fortunes of Nigel." Mr. Phelps will play two parts, King James, and Trappois the usurer. For the remaining characters many new engagements, including those of Mr. Addison, Mr. Frank Matthews, Mr. Irving and Mr. Ryder have been made. Mr. Peverley has prepared some scenery illustrative of London in the time of the story, including elaborate views of Alsatia, of old Fleet-street, and of old London Bridge. The production of the drama by Mr. Bayle Bernard, previously announced in the *Athenaeum*, is deferred until later in the season.

**ST. JAMES'S.**—On Saturday evening, Don Edgardo Colón, a Mexican tragedian, appeared at this theatre as Richard the III. You are told in the playbill that he performed this part through the length and breadth of Spanish America, that he brings the highest testimonials from Juarez, and that he is the only living rival to Kean and Macready. Furthermore, that he is the protégé of Juarez, and that he deeply sympathised with the friends of Maximilian. In fact, the preliminary bill was the most wonderful ever seen. After this announcement one expected to see something new and great, and felt somewhat disappointed when we found in the Don an actor of the old school, stagey in the extreme; his action was stiff and awkward, and there was no trace in his speech of his foreign origin. Of the rest of the company we cannot say much, but must recollect that no doubt they had been collected together in a hurry. The audience, who were rather numerous at first, attracted by the wonderful bill, gradually dwindled away towards the end.—A Mr. T. Sherwood writes to us:—"Sir: I went to the St. James's Theatre to see the new tragedian from Mexico, on Saturday, when to my astonishment I recognised the man as having played a subordinate part in the 'Doge of Venice' last season at Drury-lane. I think the public ought to be made acquainted with this fact."

**PRINCESS'S.**—There can be little doubt that the realistic play produced at this theatre and entitled "After Dark," is one of the most solid of Mr. Boucicault's works in his later and it must be admitted, his most popular style. As a work of literature, "After Dark" is no more to be compared to Boucicault's "London Assurance" or even his "Arrah-na-Pogue" than a penny tart to be compared with one of Gunter's wedding-cakes. But it is what it professes to be, a realistic drama founded upon a romantic tale of London life. Mr. Boucicault is the one dramatic author who moves the public. This, he asserts. He has at public dinners intimated—that if you want to succeed you must do what the public want, not what you want them to have. The tale of "After Dark," we leave our readers—for they will all go to the Princess's during the two or three years the piece will run—to hear for themselves. Here we prefer to speak of the London scenery after dark. Such work has never been surpassed, rarely equalled. Of the acting, it may be said that Mr. Vining has an ordinary character which he has taken more than ordinary pains to make effective, while Miss Rose Leclercq demonstrates that she is perhaps the best domestic heroine now on the English stage. Perhaps the next remarkable acting after that of the two comedians mentioned is that of Mr. Dominic Murray, a rising actor, who has already reached such a height, that the ordinary critic is captious towards him. Nor must we forget the policeman of a Mr. Graham—Mr. Boucicault has a genius for finding the best small actors and actresses in London. By the way, there is an error of fact, where the cellar of the music-hall in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket is made to open through a hole in its wall upon the underground railway, which is certainly a mile away. The railway really scene is now the talk of all theatrical London.

**ROSHERVILLE GARDENS.**—We are glad to see Mr. J. Seton, the successor as M.O. here to the equally great Baron Nathan, takes his benefit on the 26th August—a Wednesday. The programme is equally varied and plentiful.

**MESSRS. RAYE and Felix** are to be the future lessees of the Porte St. Martin.

**MISS LYDIA THOMPSON** sailed from Liverpool on Tuesday week for America.

**M. LEVY**, the cornopian player, shortly leaves Paris for America, where he is to have £50 a week.

**SÖNTEIM**, the most popular tenor of Germany, who is engaged at Stuttgart for life, is now playing at Vienna.

**"LES Gueux de Béranget"** of MM. Dupont and Moineux has been revived at the Théâtre Beaumarchais.

**A DRAMA**, by M. Paul Maurice, founded on George Sand's "Cadio," is said to be in preparation for the re-opening of the Porte St. Martin Theatre.

**MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN** has left behind her, ready for publication, a volume of poems, religious and patriotic in character, and modelled in style upon the "Leaves of Grass," of Walt Whitman.

**MILDE, NILSSON and M. Faure** reappeared in "Hamlet" last Saturday. M. Thomas's music appears to gain in favour, but the bill is the most remarkable and most attractive feature of the opera. The composer has just been nominated Commander of the Legion of Honour.

At the Opéra Comique Auber's "Ambassadric" has just been produced for the reëntrees of Madame Cabel and M. Capoul. Auber's "Zampa" has also been revived for Milde. Cico and M. Achard, neither of whom has satisfied the Parisian critics. Auber's pretty "Toréador" is another of the operas recently played at the same theatre, for the début of a M. Guillard.

**MILDE, THERESA** is now singing at Rouen.

**M. APOLLONI**'s "Ebreo" (not to be confounded with Mr. Halévy's "Ebreo") is in rehearsal at Venice. It may be recalled that an air from this opera was introduced this season by Signor Fraschini in "Lucrezia Borgia."

**MR. GONON**'s "Faust," in a Polish version, has just been brought to Warsaw. It is probable that no opera has, within the same year, been translated into so many tongues as "Faust."

**M. OFFENBACH** has placed in the hands of the director of the Opéra the music of a new opera, entitled "La Périochole." The libretto is, as usual, MM. Meilhac and Halévy; while Milde, Signorini and M. Dupuis are again to take the principal characters.

**BADEN-BADEN** is now attracting a number of musical celebrities; among others, Signor Botesini, Herr Rubinstein, and Herr Wilhelms. We read in *La France Musicale* that an unpublished concerto for the violin, by M. Eckers, Kapellmeister at Stuttgart, was heard for the first time there the other day. It was played by Herr Cosmann; and the journal from which we quote expresses the hope that it may replace Rubinstein's eternal concertos. The violinist is badly supplied with solos.

**BALZAC**'s great novel, "La Cousine Bette," is at length to be produced on a Parisian stage. Permission to dramatise it has been accorded to MM. Jume fils and Philippe Gille. Frédéric Moreau will, it is hoped, play the Baron Hulot. The two parts of Cousine Bette and Cousine Bette will not easily find adequate representatives. Goethe said of Balzac that every novel was a portrait of a woman's heart. It is hard to believe that out of the two atrocious characters, the two women who ever lived Balzac wrung the idea of the two atrocious characters.

The company of the Comédie Française, on its return from its provincial tour, will resume its rehearsals of Balzac's one successful comedy, "Monsieur de Faiscur," upon which is founded "The Game of Speculation."

Among the new engagements made by the management of the Comédie are those of Milde, Reichenberg, who took the first prize

for comedy, and Milles, Delmar and Héricourt, who obtained the second prize for tragedy at the late concours of the Conservatoire. Considerable interest is attached to the début of Milde, Reichenberg. This actress is a pupil of Madame Brohan, mother of the celebrated Madeline and Augustine Brohan. It is to be hoped she will be able to take the place occupied by Milde, Anna Aubert.

**M. KONING** has read a new drama at the Gaité. It is entitled "La Madone des Roses," and its action is laid in Italy, at the close of the seventeenth century. Milde, Adèle Page will play the heroine.

Two dramatic trifles at the Folies-Marigny are all the novelties produced in Paris during the past week. The first is a one-act vaudeville, "Le Tuyau de Poêle," by MM. Marquet and Delbès, two writers who have a curious fancy for selecting chimney-sweepers as the heroes of their works. "A la Brétanne," the second, is a one-act operetta, by Madame Lionel, with music by M. Oray.

The début of a third Patti is expected this winter at the Italian Opera, Paris. Madame Amelie Strakosch, née Patti, the anticipated débutante, is said to be the possessor of a contralto voice of superb quality.

**THE COLOSSEUM.**—The panorama of London and other miscellaneous property, belonging to this once-favourite place of resort, are announced to be sold by auction by Messrs. Kemp.

**A THEATRICAL LAW SUIT.**—Mr. Mapleson, of her Majesty's Theatre, recently became the lessee of the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, which, since the bankruptcy of Mr. H. J. Byron, has been closed, to the great loss of the shareholders. At the last moment a hitch arose between the directors and Mr. Mapleson, the cause of dispute being the "pit," which, at the Alexandra, has been given up entirely to stalls, the pitties having been relegated to the first circle over the dress boxes. This "pit" dispute has, from the very first, being a constant source of squabbling between the directors, playgoers, and managers, and it finally drove Mr. Mapleson and the Alexandra Theatre Company into the law courts, an action between them having been put down for trial at the present Liverpool assizes. The action, however, has been settled out of court, the directors and shareholders having entered into a satisfactory arrangement with Mr. Mapleson.

**THE ALHAMBRA COMPANY.**—The third general meeting of this company was held at the Alhambra Palace, Leicester-square, on Friday afternoon; Mr. Board, in the absence of Mr. Clarke, in the chair. The directors stated, in their report, that the visitors during the last six months had reached the extraordinary number of 414,797, an increase of 35,718 on the previous half-year; the gross receipts being £39,812 15s. against £36,093 2s. 6d., exhibiting an increase of £3,719 12s. 6d. Harmony had been restored at the board, and the prospects of the company had greatly improved. The chairman moved the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously, and a dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum was declared. The sum of 200 guineas was voted to the committee of investigation. Mr. Rowley, the architect, stated in answer to a question that the exits and entrances of the palace were so good that the whole building could be cleared in less than five minutes.

**MR. MARK LEMON.**—It is understood that Mr. Mark Lemon has at last yielded to the solicitations of his friends and the temptations held out to him some time past, and that his appearance on the platform will be among the novelties of the coming dramatic season. He is to sustain the character of Falstaff, in scenes from Shakespeare's "Henry IV." so selected as to form a consistent series of tableaux. The performances are not to take place in any theatre, but will belong to the class of amusement recognised as entertainments, although the action and costume of a stage play be, in part, retained. Mr. Mark Lemon's powers as an actor are well known; his theatrical experience is larger, perhaps, than any modern writer for the theatre, and his long association with the wit and humour of this age renders his just delineation of Shakespeare's lusty knight a matter of certainty. The personal appearance of the popular editor of *Punch*, his burly form and massive head so remarkably resemble those which we are all accustomed to imagine Falstaff's to have been, that there can be very little doubt of the impersonation being life-like and truthful. The text of Shakespeare will certainly be an improvement upon that of entertainments generally, and the humorous conceptions of our great poet unquestionably affords scope for a very amusing and intellectual performance.—*Observer*.

## AMERICAN THEATRICALS.

A LITTLE piece of harmless scandal based upon an event said to have taken place at Niblo's, is now being indulged in by those who circulate such things. It appears that M. Blue Beard, feeling some irritation at past events on the stage, approached the pretty and arch Boulotte, and said, "Mademoiselle, your conduct has been very bad indeed; you have spoiled my scenes with your romping and gaucherie when I, alone, was entitled to the eyes and ears of the audience. You chatter and grimace, more especially when I am singing 'O'est un Rubens,' one of my gems." "I know my business and I am going to do it. People laugh at me more than they do at you; that's the trouble," replied Boulotte, with a frown. "Bah! a mountebank could make them do the same in the best passages of the opera. You must stop it—you annoy me beyond bearing." "I do the business of the opera as it is done in Paris! Va!" "You never saw the opera in Paris!" "I did. I saw Schneider in Boulotte." "You didn't," said Blue Beard, in a rage. "You lie!" said the now thoroughly aroused and angry Boulotte.

"Sac-r-r-re! Must I bear this! I wish that you were a man," said he, in an excited tone, as he stamped his foot upon the stage.

"You are not the only woman that has said the same thing."

"I'll say no more, but resort to the manager," and to that functionary he went. The latter succeeded, after a time, in calming the irate tenor, and the opera was commenced; but the little Elf made the people laugh as much as usual in the midst of Blue Beard's particular business. When the curtain fell, on the first act, there was serious trouble in the Bateman camp. The tenor declined to go on with the opera, but the manager sternly insisted that he should do so, and he did. The performance continued to the end of the third act, and the sprightly little Boulotte did not abate an inch of her archness and fun; but on the contrary seemed more vivacious and rollicking than ever. Blue Beard could stand it no longer. The heat, the insult he had received, the assault upon his veracity, and the persistent conduct of the fair one overcame him, even to prostration; which was succeeded quickly by a rush of blood to the head, and he had to be taken in a carriage to his hotel, and physicians called in, who declared that the case needed immediate medication.

Complimentary benefits to managers and actors, as well as actresses, and the presentation of watches, jewels, and services of plate are abominations. It is proper to say that these things have been wonderfully over-done here and all over the country. Now and then, like the tribute to Mr. Finch, they are genuine and deserved; but generally they are bogus. The mode of operation is this. A particular friend of the proposed beneficiary takes to the mayor of the city and to some of the best known citizens a letter drawn up by the proposed beneficiary with substantially the following heading:—

"Dear Sir,—The undersigned citizens of Jingletonville, in view of your devotion to your art, and the graces and wonderful genius of Mrs. Squirts, and in view of the great delight with which we have witnessed her and your unapproachable performances, respectfully beg leave to tender to Mrs. Squirts a complimentary benefit, to take place at such time and in such place as you may select. We earnestly hope that this unsolicited tribute to the

transcendent powers of Mrs. Squirts will not, from any motives of false delicacy on her part, be declined.

"We are, with feelings of profound admiration, your and her ob'd't servts."

The friend of Squirts has consulted as well with Mr. as Mrs. Squirts as to who shall tender them the benefit, and with the list of their names he goes on his rounds to collect the signatures of the persons named in it. Some of them—but few—are old birds and are not caught, but the majority of them are bagged. The friend throws out a dark hint as to a presentation to be made, but begs leave to say that the signer of the paper need not be alarmed, for the reason that he will not be called upon to subscribe—that his influential name only is desired, and that the persons who are to procure the testimonial do not wish to be known. This is literally true, for Mr. and Mrs. Squirts are to furnish it, i.e., if they have not already bought it for some previous occasion. This is told to every subscriber. The names being obtained, Squirts proceeds to answer the letter somewhat as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I can scarcely find words with which to express the gratitude and delight of Mrs. Squirts and the profound surprise of both of us, at the kind, very kind, solicitation contained in your note that she should be made the recipient of a complimentary benefit. It is the more grateful to us that your kind offer was unsolicited by us, and spontaneously made by you. We beg leave to name the 10th day of September next, and the Jingletonville Academy of Music as the time and place at which your generous and unexpected request can be consummated."

"With feelings of gratitude for the tender which you have made, and for the flattering and (we fear) undeserved language in which it is couched, I am, on behalf of myself and Mrs. Squirts, with deep respect, yours truly."

"ROMEO F. SQUIRTS."

He then proceeds to "work up the case" by means of flaming posters and advertisements, in the former of which the correspondence appears in letters of glaring colours.

On the eventful night one of the committee presents a service of silver plated ware which looks as well as genuine, or a diamond ring or bracelet, which has been surreptitiously furnished by Squirts through his "friend;" Squirts, on behalf of his wife, receives the tokens and expresses his "wonder" and "most profound surprise." Sometimes the article thus presented is borrowed from a jeweller and returned on the following day, Squirt's friend paying for the loan; though the article is generally kept on hand, that being the safest way. A diamond ring was not long ago stolen from a well-known actress; the maid of the lady was arrested, the ring having been found in her possession. On the examination before a magistrate, a question arose as to the identity of the jewel and its ownership, there being nothing peculiar about it. One of the witnesses for the complainant was an actor whom the actress had recently insulted. He testified, without the slightest hesitation, that the ring belonged to her. On cross-examination he was asked, "How do you know that?" His answer had a tinge of malice in it, "Because," said he, "I have been acting with her and saw the ring given to her on the occasion of complimentary benefits at Buffalo, Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus." Of course no doubt could exist after this declaration. We say, beware of complimentary benefits, intended to lure the credulous and advertise the so-called beneficiaries, the latter object being the paramount one.

THERE are new plays to be produced at two theatres. "Foul Play" at the New York, and "Trodden Down" at the Broadway; but unfortunately this sacred must be in the hands of the composers before sunset on Monday evening, the time when they are to be acted.

**MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL** will open in a new play at Woods' Museum and Theatre at Thirty-first Street and Broadway, and little Lotta will follow Lotta at Wallack's on the 10th inst.

**MR. BROUGHAM**'s company for his new theatre (late Fifth Avenue Opera House), is made up and the place will be speedily opened.

**MR. PIKE** is completing a Music Hall at his Opera House. The city is suffering from a dearth of novelty, and from seeing the newspapers filled with the filth of politics.

## THE FORESTERS' FETE.

ON Tuesday the Foresters celebrated their fourteenth annual fête at the Crystal Palace. It is always a favourite "people's day," and notwithstanding the gloomy aspect of the weather early in the morning, about 50,000 persons were present. The "order" now numbers over 322,000 members, and they possess an aggregate fund of about a million sterling.

At one o'clock a procession was organised in the cricket ground, and marched up to the palace. It was a fine display of jovial men and maids, and not a bad show of banners, of course; but when we remember the bold foresters of other days, we felt that the glory of the thing as a demonstration had departed. The brethren whose formidable array used to awe the simple, have dwindled down a little better than a baker's dozen. At one time they were a regular Robin Hood's band, numerous enough to march against a foe, and gorgeous as emblem and apparel could make them. The decorations of the Order, and the sashes that denoted rank in forestry were genuine and apropos, and as the majority wore them, the procession was not wholly destitute of picturesqueness, while the music to which the people marched covered a multitude of other defects. The full regalia of the lodges deserved all the admiration they evoked along the route. The procession broke up amidst general cheering and a rapid dispersion of the forces over the grounds.

**THE DUKE OF BRABANT.**—The Brussels correspondent of the *Avenir National* writes:—"The reports as to the health of the Prince Royal are more and more alarming. After a temporary change for the better he has become worse than ever. Dropsy of the heart has exhibited itself in a form which leaves little hope of cure. His mother returned from Spa yesterday evening in all haste, and in spite of the entreaties of her physicians. She had not seen her son for some time previously, and the interview between them was most affecting. The health of the Queen is by no means strong, and it is feared that grief for her son may have a further prejudicial effect upon it. The King has written to his brother, the Count de Flandre, who is travelling with his wife in Bohemia, begging of him to return to Belgium. In the event of the Duke of Brabant's death, the Count de Flandre would become presumptive heir to the Belgium crown. The count has been married two years and has no child."

**CURIOUS DISCOVERY.**—Last week the servants of Mr. John Robertson, fisherman, Banavie, when cutting peats, came upon a calf's skin, made into the shape of a bag, and filled with what has the appearance of being Archangel tar. It must have lain where it was found from time immemorial, for the peat moss above it was just as solid as any other part of the moor, and it was fully three feet below the surface. One of the same kind was found in the moss on the opposite side of the river Lochy, four years ago, similarly embedded. For what purpose it was intended it was hard to say; but a guess has been hazarded that the tar was intended to have been dragged to the top of the hill, and used for the purposes of a beacon in days of old.

**THE HARVEST.**—At Mark-I-n, on Monday, many samples of new English wheat were shown, and the quality was generally pronounced to be excellent. The demand was inactive, and a decline of 1s. to 2s. per quarter was the result. Harvest operations are progressing rapidly in the north, and the yield is favourably spoken of. The long run of dry weather seems to have been finally broken, and heavy rains have fallen throughout the three kingdoms.



## THE GRAND REVIEW IN PARIS.

*Galignani's Messenger* of Saturday gives the following account of the grand review in Paris on the previous day:—

This grand military *fete* was favoured with magnificent weather. A sky, occasionally clouded, and a refreshing breeze tempered the heat of the sun. The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial arrived in Paris from Fontainebleau about half-past eleven, and all three were present at the solemnity. The troops had taken up their positions at two o'clock, and an extraordinary concourse of spectators might be seen shortly after flocking to the Champs-Élysées from every point of Paris. They were in almost every case well-dressed persons, belonging to the bourgeois-class. Nothing could exceed the good-humour and propriety of conduct which prevailed everywhere. The troops consisted of over fifty battalions of foot and three squadrons of cavalry of the National Guard; thirteen battalions, eight squadrons, and ten batteries of the Imperial Guard, and twenty-eight battalions, twelve squadrons, and twelve batteries of the line. The National Guard was ranged in close ranks from the basin in the Tuileries gardens opposite the palace, along the south side of the broad avenue, and up the Champs-Élysées, reaching as far as the Rue de Chaillot; the line of the infantry of the Guard then commenced and reached to the triumphal arch and down the opposite side of the road to the Rond-Point, where it was joined by the regiments of the Line, facing the National Guard. The cavalry occupied the roads branching off from the Arc-de-l'Etoile, that of the National Guard the Avenue Josephine; the Imperial Guard, the Avenue d'Iena; and the Line, the Avenue d'Eylau. The artillery was ranged in the Avenues de la Reine-Hortense and de Friedland. All were *en grande tenue*,

## COLLISION BETWEEN H.M.S. WARRIOR AND ROYAL OAK.

The Channel squadron left Portland on Friday morning for Ireland, and passed down channel off Plymouth on Friday night under sail with steam up, but not steaming. The *Pallas* put in here for supernumeraries, and to make good defects. A strong gale blew from the southward, a heavy sea was running, and the night was dark, with rain squalls. At 11 p.m., when the rest of the squadron was 10 miles south-west of the Eddystone, a serious collision occurred between the *Warrior* and the *Royal Oak*. The squadron was standing to westward in the following order:—Starboard division: *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Achilles*, and *Defence*; port division: *Penelope*, *Royal Oak*, and *Warrior*, with the distance of four cables between the vessels in each division. The gale increasing a signal was made from the admiral's ship for the squadron to take in a second reef of their topsails. While the ships were so employed the *Warrior* forged ahead, came up under the lee of the *Royal Oak*, and ran into her starboard-quarter. The approach of the *Warrior* was seen from the *Royal Oak*, and the *Warrior* was hailed by Captain Hillyard, but the hailing was apparently not heard. The *Warrior's* bowsprit and cut-water carried away all the *Royal Oak's* starboard boats and davits, as well as four chain plates in the main chains, and tore adrift her lee main rigging, damaged some chain plates in the mizen chains, and loosened the lee mizen rigging, tore away the bridge and engine-room telegraph, stove in the starboard berthing and channels, carried away one fluke of the stern anchor, and drove the other fluke through the *Royal Oak's* side. The engine-room telegraph, when being torn away, was, by the collision, turned to

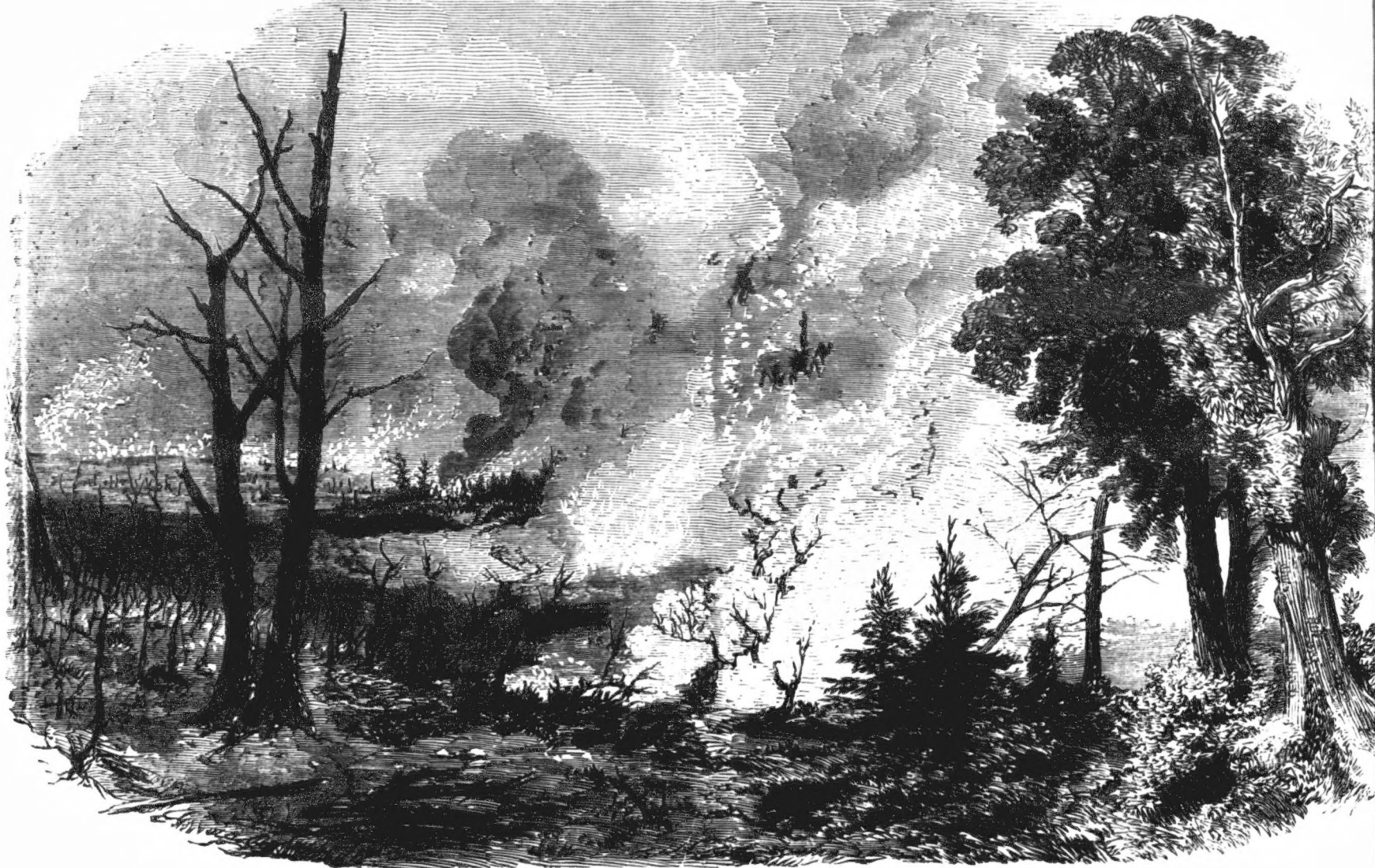
## THE IRISH CHURCH.

The following opinions are respectfully offered for the use of gentlemen who oppose any modification in the State Church of Ireland.

"Is there anything else like it? Was there ever anything else like it? The world is full of ecclesiastical establishments from the White Sea to the Mediterranean—from the Volga to the Atlantic; but nowhere the church of a small minority enjoying exclusive establishment. . . . In some you have the solitary ascendancy of a single church; but nowhere from the Arctic Sea to Cape Horn do you find the church of a small minority exclusively established."—Late Lord Macaulay, *Hansard*, vol. 79, p. 118.

"Your church in Ireland costs you cent. per cent. to maintain it; at least it costs as much for the police and the soldiers as for the clergy themselves. And what after all is our profit? Where is the triumph of protestant ascendancy? Where the evidence of Christianity itself? Do we imitate the Saviour or the Imposter when we carry the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other?"—Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, now Lord Lytton, in 1835.

"That dense population in extreme distress inhabited an island where there was an established church which was not their church, and a territorial aristocracy, the richest of whom lived in distant capitals. Thus they had a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, and an alien church, and in addition the weakest executive in the world. That was the Irish question. Well, then, what would the honourable gentlemen say if they were reading of a country in that position? They would say at once—the remedy is revolution. But the Irish could not have a revolution; and why? Because Ireland was connected with another and a more



THE INCENDIARY FIRE AT SUTTON PARK.

and nothing could be finer than their appearance. The whole were under the command of Marshal Canrobert. As the emperor approached it was seen that all the superior officers at present in Paris, even those not on duty, were around him. The Prince Imperial, in plain dress, rode a little behind his Majesty, and close to General Lord Napier of Magdala, who struck the eye most prominently among the brilliant throng from his scarlet uniform and white plume. His lordship was attended by Colonel Dillon, his aide-de-camp. The Emperor, who seemed in excellent health, rode along the whole line, the troops presenting arms, the drums beating, and the trumpet sounding as his Majesty reached each division. In about three-quarters of an hour, the Emperor and his glittering attendance, returned down the wide avenue and took up a position in front of the grand entrance of the Palace of Industry, the Empress's carriage and that of her attendants being stationed near. At the same time, the officers of the *Etat-Major* rode to the opposite side, so that the troops in marching past passed between the two bodies of richly-embroidered and decorated officers. The firing-off then commenced, the National Guard first going by, and the band of each regiment placing itself near the *etat-major*, and playing until the body had passed. The defile of the National Guard alone occupied in hour, after which the others passed in turn, the guard coming next, and the line last. All the troops cheered loudly as they passed the Emperor, but the regular army more warmly, as it struck us, than the National Guard. The appearance of the troops was magnificent, particularly of the cavalry and artillery. It was after six o'clock before the display terminated, the whole having passed over in a most successful manner. The immense crowd remained to the close, and once more proved by its sustained attention that no spectacle is more congenial to a Paris population than a grand military display.

GREY or faded hair restored to the original colour by F. E. SIMON'S AMERICAN HAIR RESTORER. Price 3s. Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers.—[ADVT.]

IN consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents, Eightpence per lb. cheaper. Every genuine packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[ADVT.]

"Go-ahead," and this order being immediately obeyed from the engine-room, added to the confusion, some minutes elapsing before the machinery could be stopped. The vessels were twenty minutes in collision, and were only freed at length by the *Warrior* steaming astern. The *Royal Oak* went on during the night with the squadron, and through the thickness of the weather could not communicate her damages to the admiral until the following morning. At 10 a.m. on Saturday she received orders to return here to repair damages, arriving on Saturday night. She left the squadron 15 miles W.S.W. of the Lizard. The *Warrior* left her figure-head on board the *Royal Oak*, and is believed to have had her jib-boom carried away and her bowsprit damaged. She has gone on with the squadron, and will probably be repaired at Milford. No lives were lost, nor was any one injured by the accident.

SWIMMING MATCH.—The third contest for the challenge cup presented by the German Gymnastic Society Swimming Club took place last week in the Serpentine. The distance was 500 yards, and the cup must be won three times in succession to become the property of any one. A handsome medallion cross in silver is presented to each holder, those distinctions being held by W. Cole, of the North London club, who won the first race; Thomas Morris, of the West London Club, who won the second; and yesterday morning, H. Parker, of the Alliance Club became the holder. There were only three came to the starting point, Parker, Morris, and H. Moore, formerly of the London Swimming Club. Morris took the lead at starting, with Moore in close attendance, both getting well away from Parker, who materially altered the condition of things at 100 yards, as he began to come up unmistakably fast. Parker won by a good fifteen yards, in 7m. 47sec. one of the fastest races on record. Morris, who had been seized with cramp, only headed Moore a short distance.

LET not your hat spread a false report to your discredit: for of a truth, a shocking bad one tells tales—it bespeaks a small banking account and a purse at a very low ebb. Therefore our advice is this—GO TO THE WESTERN HAT COMPANY'S WAREHOUSE, 403, OXFORD-STREET, just three doors from the new entrance to the SOHO BAZAAR, and try one of their celebrated Paris-capped Hats, at a price that can scarcely be felt.—[ADVT.]

powerful country. Then what was the consequence? The connection with England thus became the cause of the present state of Ireland. If the connection with England prevented a revolution, and a revolution was the only remedy, England logically was in the odious position of being the cause of all the misery in Ireland. What, then, was the duty of an English minister? To effect by his policy all those changes which a revolution would do by force. This was the Irish question in its integrity."—Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli.—*Hansard*, vol. 72, p. 1,016.

A QUARRELSOME COUPLE.—A woman went to the police station in Portland Maine recently, and said that she desired to be taken in custody, as she had deliberately put her husband's eyes out by throwing vitriol into his face. An investigation showed that the parties had quarrelled frequently, and at the dinner table high words passed between them, when the wife had prepared her weapon, threw a quantity of vitriol in his face. The man's face was badly burned, and his eyes are closed, but the physicians are not yet able to ascertain whether his sight has been destroyed.—*New York Post*.

THE LONDON STATUES.—I told you that I should make a small London, for military purposes, out of London—on Wimbledon-common, I think. Well, I shall remove most of the London statues to that small town. If the enemy should be of an æsthetic turn of mind, and should gain entrance into the town, they will be so disgusted, horrified, and amazed by these statues that they will fall an easy prey to our troops. On the other hand, if they should survive the shock, and take the town, they will carry off the statues as trophies taken from the barbarians. At any rate, we shall get rid of the statues from London proper.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

LUXURIANT AND BEAUTIFUL HAIR.—Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer or Dressing never fails to quickly restore grey or faded hair to its youthful colour and beauty. It stops the hair from falling off. It prevents baldness. It promotes luxuriant growth; it causes the hair to grow thick and strong. It removes all dandruff. It contains neither oil nor dye. In large bottles, price six shillings. Sold by chemists and perfumers.—Depot, 266, High Holborn, London. tr\*21jyoc17.—[ADVT.]



JOURNALISM.

WITHIN a single week English journalism has lost the services of two men who had laboured upon it for many years, and who at various periods had exercised an extraordinary influence over the public mind. If ever the history of journalism should be written, the names of Mr. John Douglas Cook and Mr. Matthew James Higgins will occupy a prominent place in the records. It is but just to these gentlemen to say that each materially helped to raise the character of the profession they adopted. Their opinions were not our opinions, but ability such as they brought to their work deserves honourable and hearty recognition. The two men worked in a different field, the late editor of the *Saturday Review* never having written an article in his paper, from its commencement, while Mr. Higgins was one of the most industrious writers of the day. He had a remarkably vigorous and pungent style, and even the paragraphs which proceeded from his pen—and many such paragraphs constantly appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of late years—were distinguished for brightness and point. "Jacob Omnium" was ever a trenchant assailant of all abuses, and his work was always conscientiously done. Poor Thackeray's ballad upon one of the small acts of injustice Mr. Higgins exposed is well-known:—

"Who was this master good  
Of whom I make these rymes?  
His name is Jacob Omnium, Esquire;  
And if I'd committed crimes,  
Good Lord! I wouldn't 'ave that man  
Attack me in the Times!"

But the *Times* lost the services of this powerful writer, and the evening contemporary we have named reaped the advantages of a mistaken policy. It was but the other day that the tall figure and fine head of "Jacob Omnium" might have been seen in the

THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER.

THE Hon. Reverdy Johnson, the new minister to this country from the United States, arrived at Southampton on Saturday in the steamship *City of Baltimore*. He was met at Cowes by Mr. Moran, the secretary to the American legation. Mr. Johnson purposed staying at Southampton until this morning, when he would leave for London. He sailed from Baltimore on the 1st, and was to have been accompanied by Mrs. Lincoln. Just before the departure of the vessel, however, she was taken ill, and prevented from undertaking the voyage. The *City of Baltimore*, gaily decorated with flags and evergreens, was escorted down the river by a number of steamers. Among the many friends of Mr. Johnson present to bid him farewell was Baron von Gerolt, the Prussian minister at Washington. On passing fort McHenry, a salute of thirteen guns was fired, and flags were dipped on board ship. The Mayor of Baltimore proposed the health of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, and wished him a pleasant voyage. Mr. Johnson responded, and in the course of his remarks said:—"I go to England as a minister of peace; my instructions look to peace, and if I am able to carry them out in the spirit in which they are given me, peace will be the result. So obviously in this the interest of the two nations, that the good men of both will strive to make more firm and enduring than ever the peace now existing. We are the same people, descended from the same stock, and no matter how much we may have differed in the past and have met on sea or land, we are now satisfied that it does not pay us to be at enmity. We ought to stand together and maintain the principles of political liberty. There is another government which has stood by us in the past, and whose interest and ours are the same, and I ask you to join me in a toast to the King of Prussia and the able representative of that monarch, who is always a constant friend of the United States, and endeared to us all who have known him during the many years

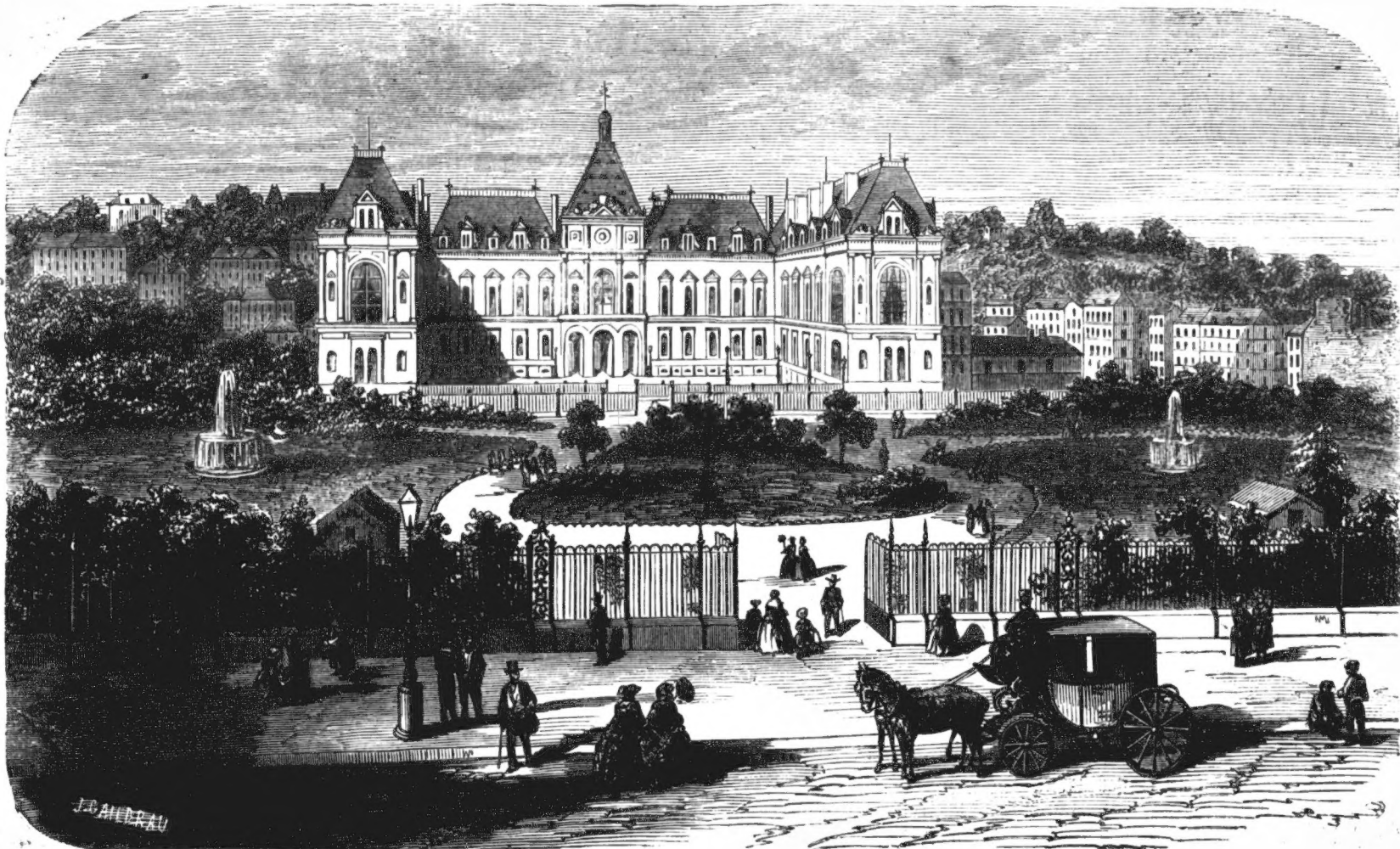
KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.

WITH violent imprecations, says Mr. Kinglake, speaking of the Czar Nicholas, he drove the aide de camp who brought the news of the battle of Alma from his presence. Later the officer was re-called, and found him more composed, but pale. Again he broke out into uncontrollable fury on hearing the result of the battle, and then he gave way to sheer despair.

"I have said," writes Mr. Kinglake, "that this man, gathering into his own person all the power, all the will, all the cares of the empire, was verily and indeed that which he had dared to call himself when he said that he was 'the State.' I have said, too, that because the religion and the national passions of his obedient millions were his religion and his passions, therefore in his superb and stately form Russia was truly incarnate. But never was this incarnation more manifest than in the time of the nation's trouble. Because a disaster had come upon Russia her Czar was first raging, then prostrate. He obeyed the instinct which brings a man in his grief to sink down, and lie parallel with the earth, and to seek to be hidden from all eyes. He took to his bed. Knowing the danger of approaching him, everybody was scared from the door of the chamber. By the side of the low pallet bed that he lay on there was a pitcher of barley-water, or some such liquid, and of that it is supposed from time to time he drank, but except the nourishment thus obtained it is believed that for many days he took no food.

"This period of blank despair was indeed so prolonged that when other and better tidings were beginning to come in from the Crimea, the Czar, it is said, still lay in the same condition.

"People feared to approach him so long as there was nothing to set against the thought of the defeat on the Alma, but when the more hopeful accounts came in, some thought they might approach him once more. Going to the bedside, they told him



THE HOTEL DE VILLE, HAVRE.

park, and his death was, we believe, quite unexpected. Mr. Cook, on the other hand, had been in a declining state of health for years past. He worked too hard, and it was difficult at any time to induce him to leave the Albany, where his contributors were accustomed to see him. He was an editor born, with an instinct at his finger's end for telling a first-rate from a second-rate article. He was no slave to the public; but he knew exactly what would suit it. But whether he suited it or not he would say what he believed to be right. During the last two or three years he was able to bestow comparatively little attention on the paper, although he tried to perform his duties until the very last. He was perfectly fearless and independent. His early staff had undergone many changes, and only by great tact and judgment did he contrive to keep it up to the standard he had always imposed. It has been said that Mr. Cook was not an able writer; but in truth he had no time for writing. It was enough for him to revise other people's work.

**FEMALE TELEGRAPH CLERK.**—The *New York Journal of the Telegraph* says:—"Over our sanctum is a room where about 15 young ladies may be found engaged in telegraphic duties. The room is secluded, airy, and agreeable. It is presided over by Miss L. H. Snow, a lady of superior executive ability, and a first-class operator. On Friday last ten of the young ladies sent and received 3,135 messages between 8 a.m. and 4½ p.m., or an average of 314 messages each. On the following Tuesday the same young ladies sent and received over 3,000. The work was done well, neatly, correctly, and, to their very great credit. With such a record there is no use in doubting the capacity of ladies for this service. The daily number averages about 220.

**WANT OF EMPLOYMENT IN THE NAVY.**—The *Army and Navy Gazette* points out that the introduction of armour-plated ships into the service is beginning gradually, but slowly, to produce effects which, probably, were not foreseen. As fewer of these formidable vessels, in comparison with our old "wooden walls," will be required for the defence of the country, so, in proportion, will a less number of officers be requisite, and the consequence is that already do lieutenants and even sub-lieutenants find difficulty in obtaining active employment.

he has represented his government in this country." Baron von Gerolt expressed gratitude for the kind recognition by Mr. Johnson, and reiterated a firm and devoted friendship to the government and people of America on behalf of himself and his government.

**KILLING A NEGRO.**—We take the following from an American paper:—"At the crossing of the Columbia and Franklin pikes over West Harpeth river, in Williamson county, Tenn., John McEwen, a negro, met with his death in the following manner:—Near the river side, and in obstructed sight of the stream, lives John Haggerty, an honest, hard-working Irishman, who is the father of quite a respectable number of girls and boys, and whose sense of decency had been frequently of late shocked by the appearance of this black rascal in the stream, near the house, in an entirely nude condition. Mr. Haggerty had remonstrated against this conduct repeatedly, but without effecting any change. Last Sunday afternoon, while the family, together with a large number of visiting neighbours, some ladies among them, were seated on the front piazza, enjoying the cool summer atmosphere, McEwen appeared by the water's edge entirely naked, and commenced an indulgence in various vulgar actions. The ladies of course removed to the house. Mr. Haggerty went to McEwen and told him to leave the place, whereupon he commenced a furious onslaught with rocks, sticks, and missiles. He advanced towards him, when he was met by McEwen with a knife in hand, who seemed turned into an infuriated demon. Stepping back a pace or two, he had just time to pull his pistol. He shot, and McEwen fell a lifeless corpse at his feet, the victim of his own persistent folly. The coroner soon after held an inquest over the body, and the jury returned a verdict of self-defence. Haggerty is represented to be a peaceable, unoffending citizen; while, on the other hand, McEwen is a desperado of note.

**CITY HAT COMPANY'S** only retail address is Nos. 109, 110, and 3, SHOE-LANE, exactly EIGHT doors from Fleet-street. Particular attention is called to the distance of the premises from Fleet-street, the great success of the CITY HAT COMPANY having caused several imitators to open shops in the same vicinity with names very similar.—WALKER and FORTESCUE, Managers. —[ADVT.]

of these new tidings, and spoke of it as possible, if not likely that Sebastopol might still be saved. But the Czar would put no faith now in any words of hope. Nay, he raged, as they say, against those who sought to comfort him, saying, you are the men, you are the very men who brought me into this war by talking to me of the power of the English 'peace party.' Yes; you are the men, the very men who persuaded me that the English would trade, and not fight. Leave me! leave me!"

**AN ELEPHANT MAKING A NIGHT OF IT.**—The elephant of the American menagerie Myers and Bell, lately sold by auction at Havre, was placed provisionally in a stable in the Rue Sèry. Two nights back the huge animal was suddenly seized with a desire to take a little exercise, so it broke its chain, forced open the door of the place, and went to the Place Louis-Philippe, where he walked about for a time. In the course of its perambulation meeting with a gas pillar it broke it down like a rod. The keeper, however, being warned of what was going on, hurried to the spot, and had no difficulty in replacing his charge in its former resting place.

**THE PARTICLE "DE" AGAIN.**—An action was brought before the Court of Correctional Police by Count de Séze, grandson of the advocate who defended Louis XVI. before the Revolutionary Tribunal, against M. Lagny, publisher of a "History of France" by M. Laurentie, to compel him to rectify the spelling of his ancestor's name, which appears in vol. viii. of that work as Desèze, that is to say, without the particle being separated from the main word. The plaintiff, before instituting the suit, had offered to pay M. Lagny 1fr. 50c. for each correction on the stereotype plates, but the latter had allowed the error complained of to remain. M. Lagny did not deny that the name was improperly spelt, but said he was waiting for the issue of a new edition of the book to make the rectification. The court now ordered M. Lagny to make the change immediately on the conditions proposed by Count de Séze, but charged the latter with the payment of the costs of the suit.

**THE 55s. HAND-SEWING MACHINE** (American manufacture), will hem, fell, bind, tuck, run, quilt, braid, embroider, and do every kind of family sewing. Every Machine guaranteed. See patterns of work and testimonials, post free.—J. L. WEIR, 2, Carlisle-st., Soho-sq., W. (not Charles-st.). Agents wanted.



## THEATRES.

**HAYMARKET.**—Shakespeare.  
**RINCESS'S.**—After Dark. Seven.  
**ADRIAN.**—Flying Scud. Mr. Belmore. Seven.  
**STRAND.**—Sisterly Service—The Field of the Cloth of Gold—Marriage at Any Price. Half-past Seven.  
**NEW QUEEN'S.**—The Lancashire Lass.—Fowl Play; or, Chikkin Hazard. Seven.  
**ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE AND CIRCUS, HOLBORN.**—Equestrianism, &c. Eight.  
**BRITANNIA.**—Vicious Dreams.  
**CRISTIAN PALACE.**—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Open at Ten.  
**EGYPTIAN HALL.**—Maccabe's Entertainment, "Begone, Dull Care." Eight.  
**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—Christy's Minstrels. Eight.  
**POLYTECHNIC.**—Miscellaneous Entertainment, &c. Open from Twelve till Five and from Seven till Ten.  
**MADAME TISSAND'S EXHIBITION.**—Open from Eleven till dusk, and from Seven till Ten.  
**ROYAL ALHAMBRA.**—Miscellaneous Entertainment. Eight.  
**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's Park.**—Open daily.

## THE SIGHTS OF LONDON.

## 1.—FREE.

British Museum; Chelsea Hospital; Courts of Law and Justice; Docks; Dulwich Gallery; East India Museum, Fife House, Whitehall; Greenwich Hospital; Hampton Court Palace; Houses of Parliament; Kew Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds; Museum of Economic Geology, Jernyn-street; National Gallery; National Portrait Gallery; Patent Museum, adjoining the South Kensington Museum; Soane's Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Society of Arts' Exhibitions of Inventions (in the spring of every year); St. Paul's Cathedral; Westminster Abbey; Westminster Hall; Windsor Castle; Woolwich Dockyard and Repository.

## 2.—BY INTRODUCTION.

Antiquarian Society's Museum, Somerset House; Armourers' Museum, 81, Coleman-street; Asiatic Society's Museum, 5, New Burlington-street; Bank of England Museum (collection of coins); Botanical Society's Garden and Museum, Regent's-park; College of Surgeons' Museum, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Guildhall Museum (old London antiquities); Linnean Society's Museum, Burlington House; Mint (process of coining), Tower-hill; Naval Museum, South Kensington; Royal Institution Museum, Albemarle-street; Trinity House Museum, Tower-hill; United Service Museum, Scotland-yard; Woolwich Arsenal.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

## The Illustrated Weekly News.

(REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.)

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1868.

## THE FIRST PRIVATE HANGING.

LORD MACAULAY was, perhaps, the leading modern writer to point out that the history of progress throughout the world generally, and especially in England, is the history of compromise. This proverb of experience was never more clearly demonstrated than in the instance of the attempts made to abolish capital punishment, although which so far have failed, but which have to some degree been compromised by the abolition of the public execution. At least, hanging in private is a humanitarian advance upon a public execution, while its adoption is to the far-seeing a certain assurance that the days of capital punishment are numbered, and that England will not long be in the rear of the more advanced nations, albeit small ones; who have convinced themselves that to kill men, no matter under what pretence, except that of personal self-defence, and then only as a necessity, is to commit an injustice, and therefore a cowardice.

The chief opponents of capital punishment have based their opposition upon the irreversibility of the judgment which decrees death. No doubt logically this is the most forcible argument that can be adduced, but there are other pleas which may be put in, and pleas which appeal forcibly to the manhood and courage of men.

Let us not be misunderstood. We think that as far as the culprit is concerned, it is much better that being once found guilty of murder by a dozen of his fellow men, it is much better for him, whether he is guilty or innocent, that he dies. Assuredly the week's agony of suspense, if indeed when once the certain knowledge of death is felt any continued agony is experienced, and the final few moments of physical pain are preferable to many years' hopeless imprisonment, a wretch shunned even amongst felons—a creature living and yet dead.

But the question is not one of the use of mercy to the criminal in bestowing death. And that this feeling in relation to executions is not publicly felt, may be seen inferentially by the general horror experienced at the theory set out by John Stuart Mill, that it would be a mercy to remove into the quiet of death all hopeless and hardened offenders. That portion of the English people who still approve of capital punishment, approve the policy as one of example, as one leading to public safety. When any theory held to justify the abolition of capital punishment is advanced towards a man who upholds hanging, his reply will be to the effect that hanging is necessary to intimidate those who contemplate murder. This view of the matter will be found amongst the upholders of the hanging doctrine far more important than the more Christian doctrine—have human beings the right in cold blood to take life?

No doubt expediency is one of the most important elements in all policy which in any way affects society, but it too frequently happens that expediency will drift into panic. For instance, there can be little doubt that in the case of the boy Thomas Wells, it will be held that his death will be a warning to all boys to control their tempers; and those who theoretically opposed his

execution are assuredly, to a certain degree, silenced by the apparent lucidity of this argument. No doubt in a general way example is more needed in relation to the young than those of achieved or advancing manhood: no doubt, broadly speaking, the more curt and distinct such example exercised in behalf of the young, the more beneficial and satisfactory it becomes. But there must surely be a limit to the severity with which such example offered for the benefit of youth is effected. For example, if the right hand of a youth were cut off for stealing apples, no doubt it would be a very striking example to all boys, warning them not to steal apples, but the injustice of the act would to the people of anything like an advanced civilisation appear unreasonable.

And yet we venture to urge that there is much of fair parity of reasoning in urging that in hanging a boy who has killed a human being, the act, even in relation to boys in general, and totally apart from the criminal, is uncivilised in its severity. With the great mass of boys such an example is an insult. It must be a very small percentage of boys who tend to blood-thirstiness, and God only knows how many of these owe their condition to the slough with which society has looked after them and endeavoured to conquer the nature born with them. The question is, with these few, does the example of hanging one of their number produce fear or bravado? If a given boy is swayed chiefly by brute rage and courage, is it likely he will be stayed from the indulgence of his tendencies by the legal commission of an act which throws a halo of heroism and notoriety about the juvenile criminal? Boy murder is not common in England; but we have no doubt the execution of the boy Wells, and he was little more than a boy—he had not done growing, will be followed by two or three murders by juveniles.

In fact, is not the desire to kill a murderer the possession of much such a feeling as led him to kill? This may be plain speaking, but let people think over it. We maintain that the desire to hang murderers is based upon cowardice, the very lever of murder. People may suppose they wish to see a murderer hanged because he deserves to be hanged, but the real feeling and hope in the heart is the belief that the hanging will prevent murder, and therefore, perhaps, save the individual upholder of the system himself from the hand of the assassin.

It might very readily be shown that the theory of capital punishment is based upon cowardice and short-sighted policy.

Can there be any sight more ghastly than the contemplation of this boy of eighteen singing hymns, a red flower in his railway porter's jacket, while a score of middle-aged men look on to see him hanged, a priest meanwhile telling him that heaven had pardoned him! What a scene! And to be followed by a hurried burial in quick lime, as though human vengeance went the length of preventing the wretch getting a chance in the resurrection. The world is too often a very mad world. But all insanity is not incurable.

**RATTENING IN THE SCYTH TRADE.**—A rattening has taken place in the scythe trade. Some bands, worth about £10, have been taken from Nethersett Wheel, Rivelin. They are the property of Mr. Samuel Marshall, of the Globe Works, and were used by William Fearnley, Henry Packet, and John Fearnough, alias Duke, who were, as we understand, behind in their contributions to the society. Owing to this circumstance the visitation of the avenging spirit, commonly known as Mary Ann, was not altogether unexpected by the delinquents. There is a number of men on the box, whose scale has lately been stopped from want of funds, and the object of the rattening will no doubt, be answered, though, as the bands belong to the master, and not to the men, the equity of the proceeding does not appear. Whether the credit of the transaction is to be given to the scale men, or to the committee, will probably be made plain by the result.—*Sheffield Independent.*

**THE "TASMANIAN DEVIL."**—This animal, the chief attraction of Wombwell's menagerie, effected its escape at Bideford, last week, and up to Saturday night had not been discovered. The establishment was about to be closed, when loud shouts rang through the place that the "devil" had escaped. The man who fed it omitted to fasten the door of the cage, and while he was getting a shutter the animal leaped among the crowd, and made for the town. The excitement was immense. The animal was chased along the quay side, and it boldly plunged into the water. Boats were immediately launched, and diligent search made for the devil, but it was quite dark, and he could not be found. This is the third escape of the animal during his captivity—the first occurring at St. Day, in Cornwall, and the second at St. Just, in the same county. It is believed that the animal, which was of great value to the proprietors of the menagerie, was drowned.

**TRIAL OF ELI FERMI.**—At Tuesday's sitting of the Central Criminal Court, the trial of Eli Ferri, an Italian, which had been postponed from the previous session, was proceeded with. The prisoner was at one time the proprietor of a publication which supplied information relating to the corn trade, but it had been superseded by a better journal, which had been brought out by a Mr. Dornbusch. For this reason Ferri appears to have conceived a deadly hatred, not only for the more successful publisher, but also for the Greek merchants who supported his paper. He had already undergone twelve months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for having stabbed Dornbusch, and soon after he regained his liberty, he wrote a letter to a Greek merchant, named Melas, threatening to murder him, unless he handed over a large sum of money equal to that which he once enjoyed from the profits of his publication. He was found guilty, and judgment was deferred until the next session. On being conveyed back to his cell the prisoner made a desperate attempt to commit suicide by jumping over the balustrade of one of the corridors.

There is a belief that compulsory church rates of all kinds were abolished by the Act passed in the late session. At Ipswich, however, a demand has been made upon the Corporation for two rates of 3d. and 4d. respectively, for the purpose of augmenting the clergyman's income. The town clerk advised the council that the rate was legally made under a statute passed in the 13th year of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and that the new Act made provision for an exceptional rate of this character. The application was granted, but not before many objections had been urged against raising the clergyman's stipend in such a manner.

The Rev. J. C. M. Bellow preached his farewell sermon on Sunday morning at Bedford Chapel, St. George's, Bloomsbury, to the incumbency of which the Rev. H. Christopherson has been appointed.

## ADELINA PATTI—MARQUISE DE CAUX.

ADELINA JUANA MARIA PATTI, whose recent marriage caused so great a sensation, is of Italian extraction, and was born at Madrid, March 19th, 1843. After a course of training, she sang at an early age at New York, with great success. She first appeared at the Italian Opera House in London, on the 14th of May, 1861, as Amina in "La Sonnambula," and at once became the favourite of the Opera, a position which she maintained up to her marriage, and will maintain for the next two years, when she will definitively retire from the stage.

## HOTEL DE VILLE—PARIS.

Our engraving represents one of those fine old municipal court-houses, which, from being placed in the central square of most Continental towns, give even a new village an appearance of importance. The Hotel de Ville, at Havre, is one of the finest to be found.

**MR. CARLYLE AND THE EDINBURGH PHILOSOPHICAL INSTITUTION.**—Mr. Carlyle, in accepting the presidency of this society, writes from Dumfries, where he is staying with some relatives:—Your agreeable announcement has come round to me here. It is indisputable. I could not have been chosen to the presidency of your distinguished institution in a way more to my mind, or on terms less onerous. Of course I accept the honour, and intend to wear it as long as I am permitted. . . . I reckon it a spontaneous, gratuitous, and honest mark of respect, and value it as I should do few others. With every good wish for the institution I have become honorary head of, and regretting that I have nothing but wishes to give it, I remain, &c.

**THUNDER STORM IN TURIN.**—The *Piedmontese Gazette* says:—"Yesterday (August 10), about 5 in the afternoon, there was a perfect deluge of rain in Turin. A terrible and sudden pest, such one never heard before, told the whole city that a thunderbolt must have fallen; and, in fact, the lightning struck the cross of the spire of St. Francis d'Assisi, throwing into the street a quantity of tiles. The fluid entered the church, broke the windows, passed into the Via Barbaroux, tore down a tin hat, which a manufacturer of priests' hats used as a sign, continued its course along the street for a length of 50 yards, entering a cake shop, temporarily blinding with the extraordinary vividness of light all who were inside, threaded the Porta Carraia, struck down a workman in the yard of Signor Martenotti, a cabinet-maker, and then disappeared."

**A WIFE ACCIDENTALLY SHOT BY HER HUSBAND.**—At about two o'clock this morning John McCullum, who resides on Temperance-hill, West Troy, heard a noise at his kitchen floor, and supposing a burglar was endeavouring to gain admittance, got up carefully and secured his pistol in order to give the supposed thief a warm reception. Proceeding carefully in the direction of the door, he awaited the further movements of the intruder, and upon seeing the door pushed open fired and shot his wife through the fleshy part of the arm. It appears that in consequence of the heated atmosphere of their sleeping apartment, Mrs. McCullum had, without disturbing the slumbers of her husband, got out of bed and proceeded to the back stoop to inhale the cool air. Mr. McCullum was almost frantic upon ascertaining what he had done. Dr. Gregory was called and found the lady in a very low condition from loss of blood, her night dress being completely saturated. The flow of blood was stopped, and Mrs. McCullum, though not entirely out of danger, will probably recover.—*Troy Times.*

**THE WAR OF RACES.**—The Welsh and Irish have been fighting on Darlington racecourse. After the conclusion of Thursday's races a number of men, representing the Welsh and Irish element, fell out in a booth. A detachment of policemen, who had just been marched off the ground after being on the field all day, on being apprised of the fracas proceeded back to the scene of row, and attempted to put it down. In this, however, they were so far unsuccessful that matters soon took the shape of a regular faction fight. The policemen in their endeavours to quell the riot were severely maltreated. By the assistance of a reinforcement of police, who arrived on the spot, the principal offenders were secured, and conveyed to the police station.

**A PET RAT.**—The affection sometimes manifested by children for animals generally repugnant to human beings is strikingly illustrated in the case of a little girl who resides in Troy. She has been frequently observed, after having obtained a piece of bread, to sit down a few feet from a large rat-hole under a neighbouring stoop, and holding out a piece of the food, call, "Here, yatt, yatt." A large rat invariably creeps out at her call, and without hesitation or fear feeds from her hand. The affection existing between the animal and child has been frequently witnessed by the neighbours, who bear testimony to the truth of this strange circumstance.—*New York Tribune*, Aug. 8.

**GHOSTS.**—Something similar to the "spectre of the Brocken" was seen the other evening in Weardale, when the sun was just above the western horizon, beyond the mountain of Kilhope, on which the fire was raging. On the night in question a gentle breeze brought the smoke down the vale of Kilhope, at the end of which it ascended the skies, presenting a pillar between the sun and the spectator. Between the pillar and sun were four men labouring the fire on Kilhope with tree branches, trying to extinguish it. The shadows of these men were thrown on the pillar of smoke and appeared as monstrous giants, every movement of whom was distinctly observed.

**THE death of Dr. William Mackenzie**, the famous oculist, of Scotland, is announced. He was 74 years of age, and had for a long time occupied a most prominent position as a skilful ophthalmic surgeon, not only in Glasgow, where he resided, but also in England; and he was often called to great distances in consultation. He was surgeon-oculist to the Queen, in Scotland, and to the Eye Infirmary, Glasgow. Dr. Mackenzie was a Fellow of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, and M.D. of the University of Glasgow, and also a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. He was the author of several works, among which his treatises on the "Physiology of Vision" and "Diseases of the Eye" are best known.

**ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, SOUTH KENSINGTON.**—The gardens will be open free on August 26th, from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., as usual, in commemoration of the Anniversary of the late Prince Consort's birthday; but in consequence of disorderly persons abusing the privilege on former occasions, the council have decided on reserving to themselves the right of excluding any persons from entering the gardens whom they think it would be undesirable to admit. The council appeal to the visitors on this occasion to assist them in preserving order and preventing destruction to the society's property.

**THE EMPRESS CHARLOTTE'S HEALTH.**—A Brussels letter states that the health of the unfortunate Empress Charlotte is worse. Her lucid intervals are less frequent and of shorter duration than they were. In the night time she often gets up, turns her bed topsy-turvy, and throws the pillows out of windows.

**NO MORE PILLS OR ANY OTHER MEDICINE.**—Hedley Du Barry's delicious Revalenta Arabica Food, which cures dyspepsia, indigestion, cough, asthma, consumption, debility, constipation, diarrhoea, palpitation, nervous, bilious, liver, and stomach complaints. Cure No. 68,413.—"Rome, July 21, 1866." "I speak of the Holy Father is excellent, especially since, abandoning all other remedies, he has confined himself entirely to Du Barry's Food, and his holiness cannot praise this excellent food too highly."—*Gazette.* Du Barry and Co., No. 77 Regent-street, London, W. In tins, at 1s. 1½d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lbs. 22s.; 20lbs. 36s. [ADVT.]



## LITERATURE.

"(Crowned.)" By Edward Campbell Tainish. Two Vols. (Smith and Elder.) 1868

This book is the work of a man of ability; ability shown not in the detail, or carrying out of the plot, but in the originality of the whole idea of the story, and in the grace, wisdom, and beauty of the words in which it is told. We have called it, and many people will call it, a story, but it is not in any sense to be ranked among the run of ordinary novels; or judged by their standard. It is in fact a study of human life and human character, portrayed with wonderful minuteness, and showing in every page keen insight into the subtler mysteries which make up human knowledge, fear, love, and duty. A single paragraph from Vol. I. will show with what skill and terseness the author can sketch characters, and with what insight he glances into those exact characteristics which specially mark his *dramatis personæ*.

"Mrs. Aylsham spent her time like a refined woman of leisure. She got up late (not that getting up is essential to refinement), and went to rest late, which has more connection with the above-named grace. She read a great deal, and, as she said, wrote a little. Her reading was of a good quality—not exactly great books, but books that were the result of culture and leisure, sensitive appreciation, and delicate, fastidious observation. She did not like enthusiastic books exactly, but intellectually appreciative books. Her reading was anatomical as well as her thoughts. She visited a little, and received a few visitors; but she professed not to care much for this sort of thing—there were so few minds that suited her, she said. Few of her acquaintances were, at their best, her intellectual equals. She had a way of extinguishing people while appearing to encourage them. It is by no means tedious to your powers of conversation or your wit to feel that you are being dissected.

## "Abyssinia."

Anything relating to Abyssinia, just at present, is sure to attract notice; and on this ground, if on no other, "Abyssinia and its People," by Lady Herbert, will not altogether escape attention; though it is flimsy enough of its kind. It is only a translation, and that not from any very recent book of travel, but from the journals and letters of one M<sup>onsieur</sup> de Jacobin, a Jesuit priest, who went out to Abyssinia as a missionary in 1839, worked faithfully for some years, accomplished that vast amount of evangelization which Romanists ever do accomplish in such cases, and, at last, after twenty years' heroic suffering and hardship in the pursuit of the truth, "completed the sacrifice of the life which he had so freely offered for his Abyssinian children," in the year 1860. Readers will find in this book little new concerning the land whose stronghold in the desert has just now felt the might of Armstrong guns, and the still greater force of English pluck, though they may find some few facts as to the history, manners, and customs of Theodore's hapless people, which are really worth knowing. The Roman missionaries found there some traces of a degraded Christianity; and the following extract, if the facts may be relied on, gives a curious picture of the barbarous superstition into which the natives had sunk (p. 97):—

"The priests, so called, are sunk in the lowest debauchery, and make use of the people to extort money. One day, Habitu, a brother of our chief, went to one of these men to confession. He asked him first for 40 dollars. The poor man was thunderstruck. 'I have kept all the fasts,' he replied, 'Lent, Advent, and the Assumption, &c.; will not that suffice to get me absolution?' 'That is doubtless good,' replied this wolf in sheep's clothing, 'but money is necessary before you can obtain pardon.' The poor man paid the forty dollars, saying, 'Now, then, father, give me absolution and communion.' 'The first yes,' replied the priest, 'but the second you must ask some one else.' Finally, the second penitent contented with twenty, and so poor Habitu paid 60 dollars in order to perform his ordinary pastoral duty."

"The Mule: a Treatise on the Breeding, Training, and Uses of this Useful Animal," by Harvey Riley. (New York, Dick and Fitzgerald; and Fitzgerald; London, Trubner & Co.)

Mules of all kinds, seem to have a peculiar fancy for white dresses and horses, and when this a trifle is once formed, it is almost impossible to separate them. If you want to drive a herd of five hundred mules any distance, turn it white or gray more in color than them for two or three days, and they will become so attached to her that you may turn them out, and they will follow her anywhere. Just let a man lead the mare, and with two men more, you can manage the whole herd almost as well as if they were a team. Another way to lead mules is, to put a bell on their necks. The mule will listen for that bell like a lot of children, and will follow its tinkling with the same instinct. Another curious thing about the mule is this: You may hitch him to any job for the first time, and he may become sullen and refuse to do any more for you. This may be very provoking, and perhaps dangerous; but do not let it, for ten chances to one, if you take him out of the harness to-day and put him in again to-morrow, that he will go right off, and do anything you want him. I have always to get a young mule well used to the harness before I try to work him in a team. When you get him so that he is not afraid of the harness, you may consider your mule "broken." Popular belief holds the mule with a smaller head and neck for food than the horse. But on both these points, the general opinion is at fault. "My experience," says Mr. Riley, "has been, that a mule, twelve hands high, and weighing 1,500 pounds, will eat and, indeed, requires just as much as a horse of the same dimensions." During the winter months, the mule in fact requires more nutriment than a fully-worked horse; and the nobler quadruped is comparatively fastidious in his choice of provender, and will die of inanition rather than consume what he will eat almost anything before it consents to eat. "Straw, pine-boards, the bark of trees, grain-sacks," &c., are the superintendant, "pieces of old leather, do not come near him when he is hungry. There were many instances, during the late war, where a team of mules were found, of a mule standing over the remains of what had, the evening before, been a Government wagon. When two or more have been kept out of a wagon, they have been known to eat each other's dung to the bone. And yet the animal, thus deprived of his food, did not evince much pain."

A TELL-TALE.—*Bulletin de la Société Industrielle de Mulhouse* contains an interesting account of an extraordinary "tell-tale" apparatus, in use at the east establishment of Dollfus, Mieg, and Co. There are four night watchmen on these premises, and they have each been visited to 93 stations, in all 930 visits. On commencing the rounds a card is delivered to each watchman, which he carries with him. At every station he has to visit is a small part of the card, at which, at a given time, a stamp is put on it, and impresses a mark on the card. The marks are arranged so that when the whole are printed they form one complete page. Any delay or omission on the part of the watchman is at once shown. A clock upon the card, which tells the hour at which the watchman is on duty. When going off duty, the men push their cards into a little of letter-box, and as this is done the exact time at which they are delivered is printed. All this contrivance is entirely beyond the men's control, and there is no possibility of tampering with the mechanism. No description of the apparatus is given, but it is intelligible without the drawing which accompany it.—*Manchester Magazine*.

## SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

## ROYAL VICTORIA YACHT CLUB REGATTA.

MR. BALDWIN, of the New York Yacht Club, has taken over to Ryde a schooner named the Sappho, of about 300 tons, and he is willing to offer a challenge to all English yachts to sail her on the terms to be agreed upon, but with the utmost liberality for testing their respective racing powers. The conditions he offers are:—

Mr. Baldwin has brought from New York the American schooner yacht Sappho, of about 310 tons, and is desirous of trying her sailing qualifications with some of the best English yachts, and proposes the following arrangements:—To have a sweepstakes, £20 entrance, time for tonnage, R.Y.S. scale. Thames measurement. Course round the Isle of Wight. To start from off Cowes Castle. The course to be completed by the first vessel in nine hours or less, or the race to be void for that day, under the direction and by rules to be supplied by the sailing committee of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

It may be stated that this vessel that has thrown down this wide challenge is considered, with one exception, to be the fastest vessel that ever floated on the New York waters; and report say, that she is vastly in advance of the celebrated schooner America, that created such a sensation here in 1851.

BIG FISH IN IRISH WATERS.—A day or two, since (so it is reported from Skibbereen), a large whale of the bottlenose species made his entry into Crookhaven harbour, and was quickly captured and killed by the local fishermen. No accident of any kind occurred, although not a few boats were upset in the exciting pursuit of the leviathan. The whale weighed several tons. About the same time a couple of Linnet gentlemen were out fishing in the Bay of Lahinch (where the fishing this sea on has been most successful), they came upon a shoal of sharks, and succeeded in disabling and capturing one of them, of large dimensions. They shot at five of them, and the one which the sportsman shot, with great exertions, was enabled to retain, was 6½ feet long, and weighed 13 stone. He discharged five shots into its body before it could be secured; and the size of the monster when brought ashore greatly surprised the visitors at that watering place.

LARGE TAKE OF SALMON.—The heavy fall of rain which took place on Thursday night and Friday morning had the effect of bringing down the water of the Tay to a considerable extent, and the consequence has been that a large number of salmon have come up the river, and the takes on Friday were almost unprecedented. At one station alone upwards of 500 were caught, and taking all the lower stations together, upwards of twenty tons were got.

SWIMMING IN THE SERPENTINE.—On Monday morning two swimming handicaps for members of the Alliance Swimming Club—the first a third-class 150 yards race, and the second, a 500 yards, were for second-class members—came off in the Serpentine. The short distance contest produced four starters, of whom C. Wilcox (10 secs. start) proved the best, passing the long-start man, L. France (25 secs.), fifty yards from home, and winning by a yard and a half. Ten started for the second-class race, D. Bedford (23 secs. start) led for 180 yards, when A. Golding (20 sec.) and E. G. Ellison (14 secs.) came up, a fine race between the three, resulting in Ellison winning by rather under two yards; about a yard between Golding and Bedford, who was third. The time of the first race was 2 m. 59 secs.; of the second, 5 m. 9 secs.

EQUESTRIAN FEAT BY A BOY.—Master Willie Way, four years old, son of Mr. J. M. Way, of Boston, rode up Mr. Washington, on Sunday, from Crawford's and back, nine miles, alone. The feat was regarded as one of no little account, and made the courageous lad the hero of the hour.—*New York Times*.

THE BRAEMAR GATHERING.—The Grand annual gathering of the clans and athletic games of the Braemar Royal Highland Society are at length definitively appointed to take place at Mar Castle, on Thursday, the 3rd day of September.

## PLANCHETTE.

The general title is Planchette. We have one preloved on its little brain legs. We set it upon paper. At once it begins to go. Every one whose fingers touch the board looks reproachfully at his neighbour and says, "You did that." Every one declares innocence.

If you are to be trusted; Planchette does it all. What Planchette is, it is impossible to guess—something not human works the machine. It is not good enough for an angel, nor bad enough for Satan. It is not sensible enough for a human being. It appears to be a sort of "tricky spirit," with no conscience.

Main body of text describing the Planchette, its uses, and the various claims made for it, including references to its ability to write, draw, and even to play cards. The text is a humorous and detailed account of the "trick" of the Planchette, a device used in the 19th century for automatic writing and drawing. It describes how the device was used to produce various effects, from simple writing to complex drawings, and how it was often used to "trick" people into believing it was a supernatural power.

Sometimes Planchette is a practical joker, and says, "Run upstairs, the curtain is on fire!" or, "Run downstairs, Bridget has fainted!" and, at first, we were wont to obey, but, being cheated too often, we now only laugh. However, Planchette spoke truly once, even here, and directed attention to a smouldering flame shut up in a kitchen closet. Our Planchette requests to be called, "Sutty," as a pet name; a doubtful eponym, truly, which we do not indulge. It also predicts unexpected good fortune, which we insist on hoping will come true. It invariably promises every young lady a suitor, using the two letters, B, and refusing the usual orthography utterly; and often will suddenly say, "Good-bye," stop short, and write no more for any one.

Other Planchettes are as absurd. They are never sensible, and any one could easily deceive, who chose; but this we know: We have played it when no deceit was practiced, and know it, of itself, to jot down the most ridiculous nonsense, with here and there a word of sense, a true prophecy, a right name, or real direction. And, after weeks of intimate acquaintance, we will ask the same question—What is Planchette?—*New York Tribune*.

[We are excessively anxious to hear more of the matter. When we do, our readers shall be posted.]

WAR RUMOURS.—The *Temps* regrets to say that the correspondence from Berlin, Vienna, and Madrid is of a very warlike tone. The interview between the Czar and the King of Prussia is considered very significant. The *Warner* of Vienna says that the recent attacks of the Russian press on Prussia were but a mask to divert attention from the close relations of the two Powers. Now that they are ready they drop the mask, and the interview between the two sovereigns reveals to the world the fact of their close intimacy. The *Avenir National* hopes that in the face of such grave facts France is not going to engage in "a mad enterprise against Germany." Such an enterprise could only succeed "by having Austria as an ally, and the late visit of Prince Napoleon has proved that Austria cannot or will not aid us against Prussia."

## OFF TO THE MOORS.

OUR engraving gives an idea of the aristocratic bustle which precedes the great 12th of August in all towns adjacent to the moors. The reports from the moors which reach us still continue to be limited, in consequence of the wet and unsettled weather. It seems that in a good many instances where disease prevailed to any extent among grouse last year, that the sportsmen confined themselves on Wednesday to shooting a few old cocks, and the other birds will not be disturbed this season; and at the moors in the neighbourhood of Crief the sport on the opening day is said to have been far superior to last year; but all accounts agree that the birds are unusually wild, owing to the almost continuous rains. Black game, it seems, are more plentiful than was anticipated, and the birds are in good condition, and good sport is expected on Wednesday, when the shooting begins, if the weather permit. On the hill sides partridges are more abundant than usual, and the young grouse have seldom been seen at this season so large and well grown.

## THE FIRE AT SUTTON PARK.

WE give an engraving of the fire at Sutton Park, near Birmingham, which it has since been supposed was the work of incendiaries. A reward for the discovery of the perpetrators has been offered. The fire took place about two o'clock. By ten o'clock it was computed that upwards of two miles of land had been reduced to a surface of mere ashes. After burning three days, a heavy fall of rain had the effect of almost entirely extinguishing this extensive fire.

LODGER'S GRIEVANCE.—A body of lodgers of the parish of St. Anne, Westminster, lately forwarded to Mr. Mill a resolution condemnatory of the law by which the gods of a lodger who had paid his rent to his immediate landlord are liable to seizure by the head landlord. At the same time they asked the hon. gentleman's opinion as to how far the statute could be modified or repealed. Mr. Mill advises the lodgers to petition the new parliament for its repeal, adding: "The grievances which are most petitioned against are likely to be the soonest redressed."

CENTRAL AMERICA.—The news from Central America by the last India and Pacific mails represents the state of affairs in that usually turbulent part of the world as exceptionally quiet. Rivas, in Nicaragua, had experienced a severe visitation of the yellow fever, and for this reason the supreme Government remained at Granada. This scourge of the white man was still prevalent at Islay, but at Calhau and Lima it had almost entirely ceased, after carrying off 16,000 of the population in the short space of four months. At Costa Rica Congress had set the trade in coffee free by the abolition of the export duty on an article which is one of the staple products of the country. Chili was tranquil and healthy, and the Chacabuco, war steamer, built in the Thames for the Chilean Government, had arrived at Valparaiso.

A LANDLORD KICKED TO DEATH.—An inquest was held on Saturday by Mr. Richards, deputy-coroner, at the Duke of Cambridge Tavern, West Green-road, Tottenham, relative to the death from alleged violence of Mr. William Siddons, aged thirty-eight years, the landlord of that house. Mrs. Rebecca Siddons, the widow of the deceased, deposed that on the evening of the 1st July, the day of the races at Alexandra-park (which is not far from the Duke of Cambridge), a considerable number of persons came in for refreshment, amongst whom was a man named Charles Harris, who called for a half pint of beer. Some other men in the bar began to chaff him, and a quarrel ensued, and they went outside to fight. Harris's wife went to take her husband's part and protest him, but three men held her, and she was thrown to the ground. Mr. Siddons, seeing that the woman was in some danger, ran out to protect her, and he got her up and away from the men. Harris then turned on Mr. Siddons savagely, and struck him a blow in the mouth, which splintered one of his teeth, and knocked him down. While he lay on the ground Harris kicked him with great force repeatedly in the lower part of the person, and it was the injuries from which he eventually died. Martha Cutler deposed that Harris's real name was Charles Cutler, and he was married to her nine months ago. He worked under the Board of Works. The case was adjourned for further evidence.

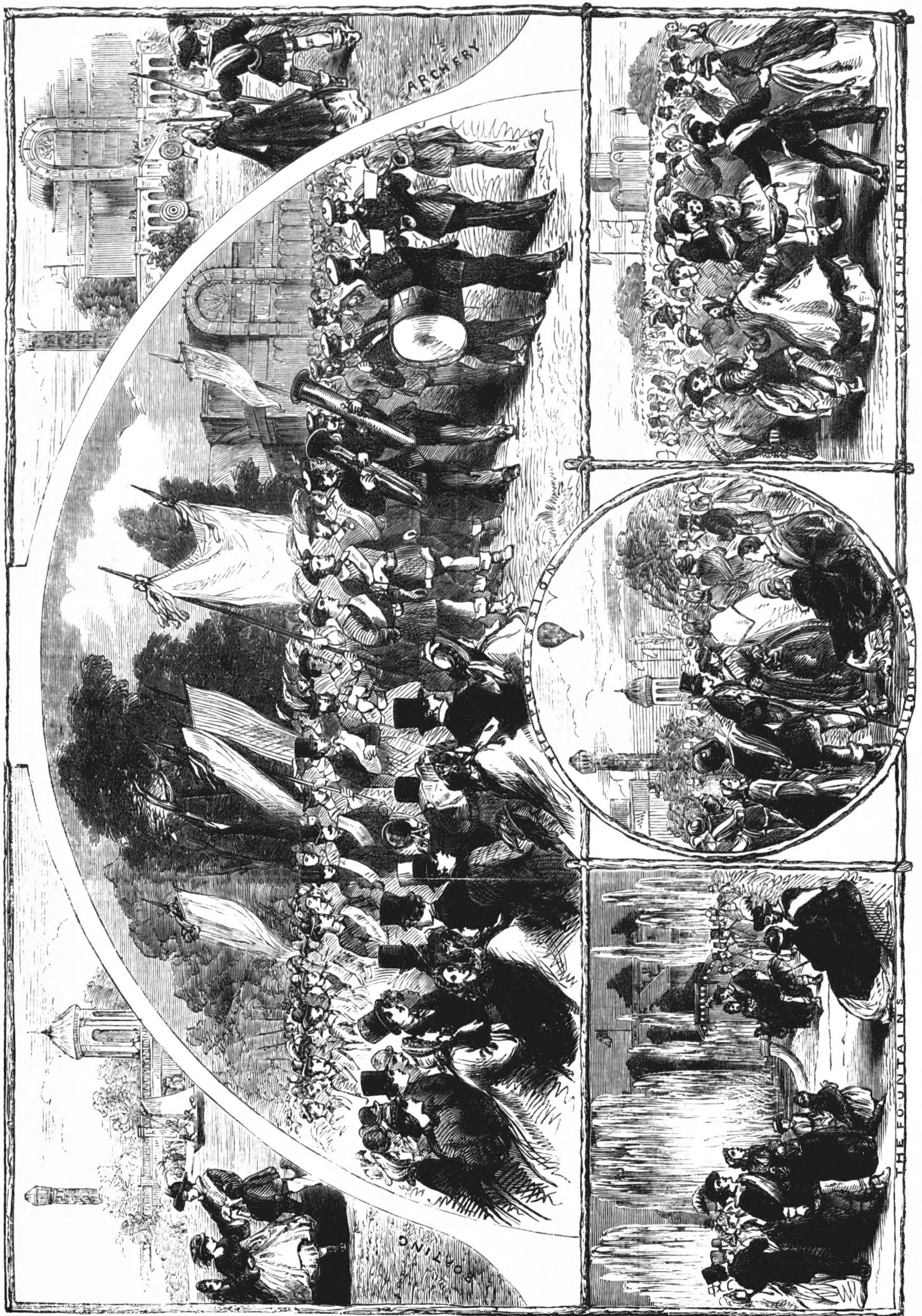
THE EXETER POISONING CASE.—The Exeter magistrates had before them on Saturday evening William John Hoare, charged with attempting to poison the family of Mr. W. Gilbert, homoeopathic chemist, Queen-st. The case was remarkable as showing the danger of allowing inexperienced persons and children to play with poisons. On the day morning last week on taking breakfast the family of Mr. Gilbert discovered the tea to be poisonous, and an examination proved that it contained exalide still potent to cause death. This poison, it was contended, had been put into the tea-kettle by the prisoner, who was an invalid in Mr. Gilbert's employ. It was alleged that the lad, being under notice to leave Mr. Gilbert's service, had committed the act from a feeling of revenge. Evidence was called to show that he had access to the kettle immediately before the noxious tea was made by Mrs. Gilbert. The evidence on this point, however, failed to satisfy the jury, who discharged the case, remarking that it was one of great mystery. They censured Mr. Gilbert for allowing a lad of the prisoner's tender age—eleven years—to have control over mineral poison.

THE AGRARIAN OUTRAGES IN TIPPERARY.—Authentic details have been received respecting the murder of the two policemen in Tipperary. On Friday morning, Mr. William Scully, brother of Mr. Vincent Scully, formerly M.P. for Cork, prepared to evict thirty families on one of his estates. Anticipating resistance, he took a small party of police to protect the bailiffs. A few of the tenants, warned of Mr. Scully's approach, armed themselves and retired to a barn, declaring that they did not wish to injure either the police or the bailiffs, but that they would never surrender. The police advised Mr. Scully to desist, but he appears to have determined on serving the roles. The result was that two policemen were shot dead, and several of the party, including Mr. Scully, were wounded. At the inquest on Saturday an open verdict was returned, the jury appending an expression of opinion that Mr. Scully's conduct was greatly to be deplored, and calling upon the legislature to take such action as would prevent a repetition of such a tragedy. Eight arrests have been made.

HAY FROM THE UNITED STATES.—A novel trade has just sprung up between the United States and this country. The Americans would appear to have a quick eye upon English agricultural prospects, as on the news of the great drought and the thin hay harvest in this country and Ireland reaching them, they at once commenced packing and compressing hay, and within the last few days several hundred tons have arrived in the Mersey from New York. This first instalment met with a ready sale, and a profitable one to the exporter. By the last advices from the United States we learn that hay pressing is being prosecuted with much energy. There are several ships loading entire cargoes of hay at New York, and many others are filling up with this new article of export.

FUNERAL OF A VOLUNTEER OFFICER AT BRADFORD.—On Friday the mortal remains of Captain Benjamin Fayer, of No. 2 Company, 3rd West York Rifle Volunteers, were consigned to the tomb, at Undercliff Cemetery. The deceased, who was in his forty-fourth year, went to Winchester on the 9th of last month, to take part in the contest, and, being an expert marksman, he won some prizes there. The great heat, however, affected his not over strong frame; he had a sun-stroke, which brought on gastric fever, and he expired at Wimbledon. His remains were brought to Bradford, and buried with military honours.





THE FORESTERS' FETE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 18.





THE GREAT FIRE IN THE BOROUGH, AS SEEN FROM HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

## Our Little Village.

THE STORY OF AN ACCIDENTAL DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCH, AND LAWYER FETSUM THEREON.

It need not be said that when the church split was discovered, our mayor became particularly active. You might have supposed that he meant to build it all himself, and people generally gave way to his energy in the calmest manner.

He formed a committee at once and nominated himself perpetual chairman, as was his right, he said, and then he appropriated a corporation postage stamp to frank a letter to the great gothic architect, whose children are all dilapidated English gothic, and he ordered that professional over from Germany in the plainest of language.

The great architect did not come, but he sent some one in his place, whom the mayor overwhelmed at one fell crash by means of the yellow carriage.

Then a vestry meeting was called by the mayor, for our new vicar was very improperly put in the back ground by his worship's determination, and as it was only decent that a few days should elapse before the parishioners joined issue, the mayor had plenty of time to show more energy still. In the first place, he was determined to have his way; in the second place, money must be had; in the third place, he must get it.

And as the mayor knew human nature in his rough way, so he knew humanity to be gregarious, morally and physically, though he did not put it in that way, saying, indeed—"Where one sheep goes t'other sheep 'ull follow." He determined to carry the Pilkington Malakoff, so to speak, when he knew the rest of the fortifications must give way. Hence he ordered out the yellow carriage, and drove to Lord Hetland's.

We all have our weaknesses (even mayors have), and the yellow carriage was Jefferson's. Why did he set it up? He was uneasy in it. Was it not a fact that it brought down ridicule on him. Why did he not abdicate the yellow carriage picked out with white? It yielded him no pleasure, for he loved walking in wind and rain. He could think in wind and rain at his ease, for it had been his custom through many a year. His yellow carriage weighed him down, while to a meek gig nobody could have objected. Lawyer Fetsum vowed he got the voiture for a bad debt, but we all knew our lawyer to be so bilious that for him to disparage a thing might rather be taken than not in the light of a compliment.

It is a deplorable fact, and one proving a sight of the yellow carriage made us all akin, that it was thoroughly well known nobody looked upon that gaudy machine with more magnificent displeasure than my Lord Hetland. And as nobody in our town was keener than our mayor, it is clear he must have been one of the very first to learn our earl's antipathy to his butter-tub, as Lawyer Fetsum would at times call it. Yet he cut up my lord's gravel with it on that energetic visit to the earl touching the church restoration fund.

Lord Hetland saw the infraction from his own particular sitting room, and brought his eyebrows together directly.

Still the yellow abomination came on, and only rested when within the shadow of my lord's very portico itself.

His lordship would see the mayor, and the mayor arrived.

"I was a queer sight, surely, to see these two men; the one who had knocked his way with his large hands and will all the way up to Treacle Hall and the yellow carriage; and the other, whose fortune had been made eight hundred years before by dint of battle-axe and war.

The lord held out his hand to the commoner, and this latter felt a kind of pity for the small hand which was offered him. Possibly the mayor looked on the world as a place of individual work, and thought that such hands as that, smaller than his daughter's, were not made for toil. But looking up at my lord's face, the strong, broad-handed mayor became, as usual, utterly grave.

"My lord—thank you, my lord." (This was for the proffered chair.) "I hope I haven't troubled you at business—for business is business."

"Not at all, Mr. Mayor."

"And indeed it's business I'm come on, my lord."

"Indeed, Mr. Mayor."

"Yes, my lord. You see—my lord sees that the church must be paid for." (A pause.)

"Must!" said the noble, with an inquiring emphasis on the word, which he did not often hear.

"Yes, my lord; and I thought a subscription might be raised."

"A church rate might be raised, Mr. Mayor."

"Jest so, me lord; but I've thought a subscription were better to be raised than a church rate. It won't make no hot blood, my lord."

"Mr. Mayor, no gentleman in Pilkington knows better than you that I am most liberal—politically."

"And other ways too, my lord."

"Indeed, I think so too, sir. But I cannot entertain your project!"

"Jest so, me lord. Yet still I thought I'd call to see what your lordship said. I'm quite honoured to act under you, me lord."

"You honour me, Mr. Mayor, and you will mark that I am really opposed to church rates."

"May I say I'm glad to hear that, me lord?"

"I am really opposed to church rates, because the discussions they engender, Mr. Mayor, are a scandal on the State which is conjoined with the Church."

"Surely," said Mr. Mayor, who by this time was getting in a fog. His mental eyes could only make observations in very clear weather.

"But, as church rates can be legally made, and legally enforced—as you will admit."

"I am quite willing to admit your lordship's remark, me lord."

"Why I think, Mr. Mayor, that they should be inflicted—that is, made."

"Surely, my lord. Still, if you can get your rate without a row it's surely best."

"If the rate can be procured, Mr. Mayor, without disturbance, it were better."

"And it can be, my lord. A voluntary rate."

"But principle, Mr. Mayor."

"But don't I understand your lordship that the principle would still remain, even if we made a voluntary rate?"

"Well—ye-es."

"And if the voluntary rate was squared on the rate itself, why I think that would suit all parties, me lord."

"Well—ye-es."

"I have made a list, me lord, of the sums the rate ought to bring from the different owners."

"Indeed, Mr. Mayor." Here came a smile. "And pray what is my amount of rate?"

"Well, my lord, your amount of rate is jest five hundred pounds."

"Guineas! guineas, Mr. Mayor! Make it guineas."

"Do I understand me lord that he'll give five hundred guineas?"

"Yes, Mr. Mayor, you may understand that. Give me your rate paper."

"Surely, me lord; but I hav'n't got one, though I'll soon make one."

Within two minutes Lord Hetland had put his great name down or the proposed sum, and not for one moment did he think that he, whose ancestors were great for the hundreds of years through which the mayor's forefather's were boors, that he, Lord Hetland, had been turned round the immense flat forefinger of George Jefferson, Mayor.

Mr. Mayor having done his business with the noble, of course rose to depart, holding the acquired foolscap paper tight in his right hand.

"Good morning, Mr. Mayor. Though may I offer you a little wine?"

"Not a drop, me lord. Never drink of a morning, me lord!"

"A good plan. I shall do myself the honour of calling on Mrs. Jefferson at no distant period."

At this now antique promise the mayor, as usual, bowed in an overwhelmed manner, and was again crushed when his lordship put out his hand.

And that deluded earl had no more idea, as he again magnificently watched the wheels of the amber mistake cutting two more ruts in the wet gravel, that the mayor had come there that morning with a predetermination to twist him to his way of thinking than he had that at half-past seven that very morning the mayor had said to his wife, as she still lay engulfed in the sheets, "Jenny"—he called his wife Jenny—"Jenny, gal, I'll hook old Het, as sure as eggs is seven for sixpence?"

With this magnificent support, and indeed an aristocratic five hundred guineas is a safe foundation for any building, the mayor knew the restoration fund was triumphant, and he looked forward to the vestry with perfect placidity.

How our little faults cling to us. Even the George Jeffersons of this world are not perfect in their acumen. How was it George Jefferson, mayor, would ignore the social fact of his amber mistake? It was the rock ahead in his prosperous life. And to think that he should have it out on that particular day of the vestry. Down that golden representative came swinging to the national school-room, and made the majority of the assembly as yellow as itself.

Well, whether the mere documentary evidence of his management of Lord Hetland, which he had in his pocket, was a motive power, for as I have said the George Jeffersons of society are not perfect, or whether our mayor had counted on aweing the democracy by its eminent refulgency, certain it is, that the two horses brought by the vehicle close up before the national school, and nearly plunged over Mrs. Mac Sweeney, who was slowly resolving the entire matter in the centre of the road.

It need not be said that the triumphant Hetland news had spread over Pilkington, and that the virtual abolition of church-rates had procured much kindly feeling in favour of the mayor, which in the absence of that yellow machine would have been perfection.

But Jefferson interposed the four-wheeled screen between his worship and popularity. And what was the result? Ah!

It need not be said that the mayor having taken up the restoration, or rather re-restoration, with such mayoral spiritedness, his brother-in-law, Mr. Fetsum, had thrown about as much legal cold water on the event as his knowledge would allow him to splash; but after the catastrophe people were prepared to swear that Lawyer Fetsum was in a very good temper (for Lawyer Fetsum) when he came down to the vestry.

And those same deponents were also prepared to add in the manner of affidavits that, as the chromic vehicle drew up with no little clatter, Lawyer Fetsum was his usual self again.

On the previous Monday the mayor had managed the vicar, and had persuaded the Rev. Gabriel Howard that he had much better resign the chair, which he held by right, to him, the mayor, as he could "manage them." Hence George handed himself into the chair at once, quite over looking Lawyer Fetsum's feeble opposition.



"We will proceed to business, gentlemen."  
 "No we will not," said Lawyer Fetsum.  
 "Well, what now?" said the mayor. "Now was this. That Lawyer Fetsum insisted upon the meeting being adjourned until the evening, and he brought forward such arguments in his favour compounded of Coke—Coke upon Lyttleton—the whole bench of judges, and Pitt Taylor on Evidence, to say nothing of many unknown municipal authorities, that in five minutes more the mayor was being rolled back to Treacle Hall in his yellow mistake."

And hence it is capable of proof, say some, that the mayor's vanity led to that awful catastrophe. For if the wheeled dignity had not come down to the school the lawyer's temper would not have been ruffled; if the lawyer's temper had remained equable (for the lawyer) the business would have proceeded; if the business had proceeded there would have been no need for the evening meeting, and if there had been no evening meeting, why the lights could not have been extinguished, and the DEED DONE.

The evening came, and the mayor walked down to the school-room.

Now the national school-room had no gas; was lit on dark winter afternoons with doleful candles stuck in tin sconces, and on this particular evening the whole force of tin sconces—seven—were put in a line down the great table, with the exception of two, which ornamented the chair.

Mr. Jefferson took the chair again, and Lawyer Fetsum took up a position near the mayor.

I have said more than once I think that Jefferson was clever, and he showed it, in this instance, by eulogising Lord Hetland and his "subscription," as he called it. He knew this would be the way to slide up to the question of carrying the re-restoration, and so he described the interview with the Earl at length, bringing in "me lord" at every stop he made, for George Jefferson was not as clever in public speaking as in public trading. He showed how my lord had first strongly objected; he proceeded to explain how my lord persisted, and after many chapters he got to the "subscription," when immense applause greeted him and made him joyful, for he was an old stager enough to know that when a crowd have committed themselves to applause this approbation is, as a rule, a kind of natural bar to fault finding.

The mayor sat down.  
 Somebody immediately got up and applauded the mayor for the praiseworthy way in which he had managed the earl.

A second somebody followed the laudatory suit, and a third committed himself to the observation that "Nobody else could have done it."

Then Lawyer Fetsum stood up. He wore a sad face at all times, for his was one of those countenances which seem as though they would wither all they gaze on; and indeed people did say this was the result of gin drinking and bile. But on this occasion, instead of the penetrating, compressed look he usually wore, he presented a surprised malignant air which boded immense harm.

"I rise, Mr. Mayor, for information, and to whom, Mr. Mayor, can I better look for information than to you? We have heard a deal of talk on the way in which you have managed my Lord Hetland, and we know, Mr. Mayor, you can manage almost anything. Let us give every man his due. But—but (I ask for information, Mr. Mayor) my Lord Hetland a wild animal that he requires so much managing?"

And the lawyer presented as much ingenuousness as he could, but he was a long way from expressing the quality.

There was an ugly look on the mayor's handsome face at this inquiry, for he felt sure it would reach his lordship. He was balked for a moment, then he said "I think we'd better get to business."

"I think so, too," said the lawyer, "if we're to get to bed."  
 The mayor forgot his dignity. "And whose fault is it we're here at bed time?"

"The church's," said Lawyer Fetsum, and sat down with one scored to him.

The mayor soon came to, and then he, indeed, put the business of the night before the parishioners—the authorisation to the great "Gothic architect" to restore our luckless place of worship.

Then such a scene occurred as could not be described.

Lawyer Fetsum was on his legs again, and might have had any number scored to him; he appealed to the local feeling whether local talent should be neglected. And this being clear to the treacherous mob, they turned against the mayor with some laughter, and supported Fetsum. He appealed to their common sense, their common brotherhood, he turned away from the mayor, he cast derision on the mayor with his elbow; he, in a word, got up a row.

The mayor stood it pretty well.

As for the Rev. Gabriel Howard, he sat perfectly still, not from cowardice, but probably from his having been too short a time in Pilkington to justify his interference. And the storm raged on unassuaged by clerical remonstrances.

"Liberty, I say," continued Fetsum; and by this time Pilkington was a perfectly rampant state, swaying backwards and forwards like a human wall. "Liberty, I say; liberty of thought, liberty of action, liberty of will."

There was here immense applause, but it sank to immense silence as the mayor said, during a slight lull—

"Yes, and liberty of limbs, John Fetsum, which at all events I gave you not three months back."

The lawyer quailed, then stuttered, "I—I paid you."

And the recreant crowd who acted more from impulse than reason, as most crowds do, and which is saying something in extenuation of their frequent decisions, the recreant crowd went over to the mayor in a body, and with such way on them, that they overthrew the table, and as a consequence, all the candles.

In the immediate darkness which followed, a fleshy crash was heard, and also was distinguished the voice of the mayor, who thus expressed himself: "Cussit."

When the eyes of the crowd came down to an acknowledgment of the moonlight, several of those parishioners present thought they saw the mayor passing through the doorway, and when the candles were lit up again, all that was to be found of George Jefferson, Esq., and mayor, was his worship's handsome hat.

Perhaps this awful mystery had better be cleared up at once, but as I have a wholesome dread of the vaguity of the law of libel, I shall not state the narrative in my own disjointed vernacular.

Mrs. Clovelly coming down to the club on the following morning, behold li the Madge came out, refusing to be ostracised any longer. Under Mrs. Bodderly's severe directions, she had avoided Mrs. Clovelly; but Madge was dry of the sousing; and, besides, forgiveness is a Christian virtue, and curiosity is a not uncommon failing, and Mrs. Clovelly was always so well informed.

"Mornin', Mrs. Clo'ly."  
 "Umph!—thee art dry?"  
 "Ees, Mrs. Clo'ly."  
 "Umph!—do thee want any more?"  
 "Noa, Mrs. Clo'ly. Eh—eh—eh!"  
 "Then don't clutter thee tung."  
 "Ees. What about, Miss Clo'ly?"  
 "Naught."  
 "Ees. Eh—eh—eh!"

Now, Mrs. Clovelly was a good-hearted soul, and her present sharp remarks were the result of that endeavour reasonably to justify our injustice, which an antique fablist and hunchback was rash enough to say belongs to the world. So when Mrs. Clovelly marked Madge still conciliative, still "eh-ehing," still pinching her arms, and still peering upwards, all the mists of Mrs. Clovelly's mistrust dried up before the sun of her good-nature, and she said,

"Madge, hold thee pa-ail. I'll pump for thee."

"Ees."  
 And as the peace-offering went splashing into the pail, Madge added,

"Thic 'ere's queer, ain't it?"  
 "Wha-at's thic?"  
 Whereupon Madge very knowingly and mysteriously put her fist into her left eye.

It was such an appeal to Mrs. Clovelly's apprehension, that Mrs. C. actually showed the whole of her dentition.

"Um—'twas a thwack."  
 "Ees—what did them do to't?"  
 "Them did nothin' but hold carving knives to 't for un hour."  
 "Ees—lor! And didn't 'e say things?"  
 "Mayor zes he'll have his blood."  
 "And what does th' other zay to that?"  
 "The lawyer hasn't noo blood in 'um, Madge."  
 "An' how did thee find all this out?"

"Ah! Thee zeeet our Winnie was up to see Miss Jefferson, when he comes in wi' his hand to his eye."

"Ees—eh—eh! Good mornin', Mrs. Clo'ly."

"Good da-ay. I'll tell thee, Madge, I 'se sorry I soused thee."  
 And thus it was it got all over the town that Lawyer Fetsum had carried his arguments to the very extremest point. Mrs. Bodderly, of course, spread the fraternal news.

#### CHAPTER XIII. OUR BALL.

I THINK it is due to the mayor that this chapter should be quite a respectful distance from the last, so that the memory of that awful catastrophe should have, in a measure, died away. Die away altogether in Pilkington it never will, and "it is eye" has a horrible significance in the playful boyish remarks of our angelic youth.

I consider it my duty to carry on this Pilkingtonian drama quite months after the last chapter.

It is Christmas time, and Pilkington, under an unyielding and blessed influence, is becoming sociably amicable.

But first, as to the events of the last few months.

The mayor had his way, after all. That terrible lawyer at the next meeting—to which the mayor unhesitatingly came (by daylight)—actually proposed the very Gothic architect he had so traduced, as a "fit and proper person," to handle our parish church; and people were astonished at this, and asked if Fetsum was going mad, until the young solicitor who had settled amongst us proposed that possibly the talented architect had commanded this course as the only one open to prevent an action for defamation of character.

So Lawyer Fetsum fell, and the mayor was triumphant.

The church was to be ready for the following Christmas Day.

Then Mrs. Bodderly has had enough to do.

Clear it is that Winnie has become changed. Cob is almost deserted. The style of Winnie's dress is toned down.

Clear it is that the mayor is obdurate in the matter of the teacher; for the poor Esther is gloomy; and the poor teacher passes his nights alone in his doleful lodging-house sitting-room, with its furniture prohibiting touch, as though somebody else's. To this solitude his landlady can depose, for she hears his cough drown the scamping of her familiar, the beetle.

Then Mrs. Bodderly has her eye—which is a metaphorical way of putting it; but in reality, Mrs. Bodderly can see a good deal further with one than most people with two. Mrs. Bodderly has her eye upon "Ginger," who is causing an expenditure of Miss Mac Flurry's ocheres on his painted features. Mrs. Bodderly is determined to keep her eye up to the mark in this matter.

Then the way young Jolliffe (the squire's brother) "carries on" with Miss Gertrude Herriot is shameful. "The boy ought to be whipped," says Mrs. Bodderly; but the boy is very tall and big, like his brother, who is not coming home for Christmas—who intends remaining away. And Tom has been heard to declare he will pitch that "old put" into the beck.

But Mrs. Bodderly defies him.

And, indeed, the whole town marks Miss Herriot fling out glances from under the shadow of her hat upon young Tom in his brother's pew in our temporary wooden church, over the construction of which I need not say the lawyer has uttered vilifying things. Yes, Miss Herriot has driven young Tom nearly frantic.

Then as to our Christmas visitors. The fellow of Caius, Queen of Sheba's brother, came home, and looked as learned as Solomon himself. He was rather below the line in Pilkington, though a don in the South; indeed, to tell the truth, he was a pompous, dull fellow, with no ideas beyond his college and himself, and he was determined to extort that respect at home he could not hope to obtain from young college bloods.

How is it the dons are frequently despised by young classics? How is it they are denominated snobs? How is it they are an uncomfortable race? Is it that the majority are nobodies at home who refuse to acknowledge the fact? If now they would change their tactics, they would change the youthful disrespect. But will they?

In the meantime, and this you may indeed believe, if you find a square-cap don eminently grand with an eminently known name—say the universal Snooks—you may say, that man's father was a "pub." Whether it is that the paternal splendour was so finely brought out by having wit enough to live by the witlessness of others, that it reflects upon the son; whether the aroma of the pewter pots and noggins raises the youthful scholar above mere common men; certain it is, that if you find your college don particularly grand and particularly vulgar, you may say prophetically and assuredly "Beer!"

As a rule, if you find nobodies most especially rampant in declaring themselves somebodies, be sure they are beery—that is to say, they have or have had somewhat to do with public. It is perfectly immaterial upon what grade of society you carry on your investigation; whether it is Mrs. Vatty of the high ton, or Miss Poe Thouse of Clapham. So sure as you see an extra amount of pretension without justification by proof, these are representatives of fermented liquor. Go to the opera. Whose carriage is gaudiest? Is it not that same Mrs. Vatty's, which looks as though it had been bathed at Vatty's, bank gold department, and then lined with the best old October. But there is one comfort—these haughty ones are not happy or comfortable, for they are never sure of their footing, and the bumps they get smart for fortnights.

Why, Bellew (as I choose to call him) actually walked our town, when he came home for his magnificent Christmas vacation, as though it belonged to him, and as for the mayor (who had only risen through the medium of mere tea and candles) he tried to look right through that dignity.

Then there was another grand personage amongst us—a guardman, a guest at the hall, a friend of Tom Jolliffe's, who strode about our village, the envy of the men and the adoration of our ladies.

But the grand point to which I am tending is "our annual ball."

I am convinced all the small fry—and by that crushing term I mean the sets below the retailers—have ever diligently believed our ball is one great match-making meet, where we go to pair off. And certainly Mrs. Bodderly knew of three marriages which began there, and Miss Moggit and her parasol know of a fourth.

Our ball is grand in this—that Earl Hetland always makes a point of coming, and once he stopped almost up to supper-time.

Well; to get to the ball.  
 Everybody came; that is, everybody who was somebody.  
 The "fellow" came, looking so stiff, that he should have been

hit in the diaphragm, and his sister so far made this modification of the eternal blue jacket, that she deposited the bugles and assumed silver lace, looking thereby squarer than ever.

Mrs. Bodderly was there; ah, but I have forgotten Miss Bellew's mean trick, as detailed by Bodderly. Here it is:—Our milliner, I mean the court one, so to speak, had two head-dresses of precisely similar pattern, but one was a chaste blue, and the second a tender pink. Well, can you believe it? The Bellew made a coup, and carried them both off.

Mrs. Bodderly was dressed charmingly, and it was several little excursions to go round her.

As for Miss Mac Flurry, she had on such a green silk trimmed with black lace as never had been made before, and her hair was rolled and twisted until, as she herself said, no one, not even its owner, could tell it.

Now, on grand occasions Miss Mac Flurry came out with a globular machine, which she called her gold watch, and which she protested was a family heir-loom. This manufacture was huge, and dull, and doleful, but Miss Mac would hang out this family falling of hers, and so we saw it for the sixth time at our ball.

The room was very full, and we were very sociable for Pilkington.

And almost everybody had arrived, except Miss Herriot, who, of course, meant to come last and cut out every girl in the room.

As it was, Miss Bellew reigned queen of the expanse; think of that ugly, stuck-up, uninteresting, uneducated Joan Bellew being the queen of the room! And all because my lord had led her up the sally on his noble arm. Of such small things is the world made.

You wonder how this is. You wonder how Lord Hetland took a pompous frothy brasserie up the room? I know all things. I will tell you. The Bellew had an uncle, a sciatial sinner, who helped Lord Hetland very materially when his lordship returned two free and independent members to the great British Parliament. So I think his lordship did not suffer much in cavalliering Joan, whose dress must have banged against his shins, so haughtily did Joan rock past many of her old playmates in the beery days.

As for the "Fellow," he palpably grew more insolent.

Well, the Bellews had it all their own way, until the third quadrille, when there was a whisper, and a stir, and in came queen of hearts, Miss Herriot.

How glorious it is to see a beautiful young girl in her god-like youth come into a room, triumphant, victorious. See how she moves—the conscious maiden. Can a mere man defy this goddess? Can a poor weak mortal be calm and cold near this pure Venus Victrix? Appeal to your self-love; call it vanity, if you will; urge that there are thousands of better men than yourself, and that thou hadst better fall back; yet thou shalt press forward, amidst the rest, and if she give thee a look, thou shalt cry "I am he," and thou wilt be lost.

She passed up the room leaning on her father's arm, and past the men, girls, and women about her, past the Bellews, past even the pale and unnoticed Esther Jefferson sitting in the shadow, and in a dove-coloured dress. So up to the head of the room, and there she enthroned herself.

This was the first thrust tending to annihilation that the Bellews received.

The second came almost immediately, and half of it was dealt upon the magnificent breast of the college don himself.

Came into the room almost immediately after the great queen regnant two gentlemen—one Tom Jolliffe, looking nobly miserable in his shaken hair and evening suit, and with him his friend the guardsman, glass in eye, in the most impressive manner.

Poor boy John had his eyes on the all-powerful victrix directly, and he was so far lost to all sense of propriety, as the well-regulated Bodderly said, as to admit his state to the whole room, through his eager glances. He didn't hear his friend's remark the first time.

This was it—

"Who's your friend?"

"Which?"

"The woman with the blue jacket and silver facings."

"That's Joan Bellew."

"Extrordny guy," said the guardsman.

And the Bodderly heard him say it.

"And who's the man standing neah her?"

"Oh—that's her brother—he's a fellow of Caius."

"Then he's snob enough for two fellows."

This also the Bodderly heard, and immediately committed it to memory.

The Bellews in their grandeur little thought of this horrible cannonading.

Now, why was it Miss Bellew fell upon Miss Mac Flurry? Miss Mac Flurry went about, one general and smiling propitiation, as is the way with good natured Irish ladies. Now why did Miss Bellew fall upon Miss Mac Flurry? When she got the guardman's ear, and she was in the habit of ingeniously making up to eligibles, she so satirised poor Miss Mac Flurry as to draw his attention to that Hib-rian, and the unhappy consequence to Miss Bellew was, that the guardsman, being one of the very good-natured swells, actually asked Miss Mac to stand up, and she, with a "Sure I will," took a top instantar.

Now Miss Mac would not only wear that antiquity of hers, but she would talk of it, and marking the captain looking dolefully about, as is the manner thrust on swells, conferred on them with their moustaches, Miss Mac immediately planted her flag and opened fire.

"There look at it," said she, "'t's a familie heer-loom, and a jule of a watch."

The captain looked at it, solemnly handed it back, and commenced that awful rite, la pastorelle.

Now the quadrille finished, the captain handed the Irish lady to a seat, and was moving away, when Miss Bellew most ingeniously tapped him, and having got an audience, she began bombarding the innocent and beaming Mac Flurry.

"So Miss Mac Flurry has been showing you her 'jule' has she—how delightful!"

"Um," said the captain.

"Did you admire it?"

"Really don't know."

"Indeed—and you don't know what you think of the familie heer-loom."

"Really havn't thought, Miss Bellew."

"Well, pray what do you think I think of the familie heer-loom?"

"I really havn't the least idea."

"Is it possible, Captain Plewitt?—well, I think it a fraud to call it a familie heer-loom—I say it's a familie-copper."

There was quite a little laugh at this. Even the captain smiled, and Mrs. Bodderly, who made one, said "very good."

Only Winnie Marken, our loved dasher, was quiet under this sharp little attack.

"Sure, they're very merry there," thought poor Miss Mac, sitting by herself. "And sure I wish I was wid 'em, if it wasn't for that ojus Miss Bellew."

Now Mrs. Bodderly thought it her duty to inform Miss Mac of this circumstance, and Winnie Marken, knowing the Bodderly propensities, felt quite sure of Mrs. Bodd's amiable errand, and especially so when she saw the Mac give quite a little start, then look doleful, and finally capitulate by lowering the "copper" down into her pocket.

Nothing but the reverence in which Miss Mac held her copper could have brought her to this pass, but she would not have that machine the scoff of eyes profane.



But Winny joined the defeated, and went over to her like a girl of mettle, insisted upon her hoisting up the globular thing again, saw it fairly fixed, and then sailed round the room with the grateful artist. As they neared Miss Bellew, that angel was sitting placidly fanning herself, and she cast a vainqueur look at heart of the bijou.

This was too much for Miss Mac.

"Faith," said she, "if yer bonnets were as ugly as yer bones people wouldn't laugh at 'em, and may be ye'll be coppered yerself before morning."

Miss Bellew still coolly fanned herself, and looked out languidly at the world, but for all that she marked Winny pat the wounded artist on the shoulder, and manoeuvre her away.

And indeed Miss Bellew was, to use the words of the Irish lady, "coppered" before morning.

I must really come to the catastrophe at once, for this ball is lasting too long.

Oh, I could tell a deal though yet. How everybody admired Winny without anger as she danced gleefully and with little thought of the conveniences. How Miss Jefferson sat sad and silent, dancing little, and that awkwardly. But oh! most of all could I tell of wicked, cruel, Miss Herriest—the splendid, the terrible, the magnificent.

With the exception of his friend, the guardaman, Tom Joliffe was decidedly the most effective fellow in the room, and yet she absolutely cut him—wouldn't look at him—would barely speak to him, and danced with the poor lad but once.

"Here is one of your men," she seemed to say. "Look at him—at me. I defy you all. I could force all you men to act as he acts if I chose, but what pleasure would that be to me?"

So to prove her power she danced with the plainest men in the room, and lived a few hours of blessed, blissful life. And I could describe the grand supper, but I will not. I will come to the catastrophe—the fall of the Bellews.

After much humiliating appeal, Gertrude Herriest had promised Tom Joliffe the last valse, and the delicious moment arriving, he turned towards his enslaver, who had made it a stipulation that he should not "bother" her till the appointed time.

He turned to her, to see what? To mark her standing up, and with that fellow Bellew!

The poor youth bit his glove quite through as he saw the cruel deed.

Now he had told Joan of this engagement, like a foolish young man as he was, and as the dancers fast went whirling round she came up and said, "Alas!"

"Will ye dance," said he, angrily.

She shrugged her bones, and resigned herself to his young embrace.

Mad Miss Bellew—fool, idiot, why did you not think of Miss Mac Flurry's prophecy.

Crash—bang—thunder.

This was at the following moment.

He had used the hapless Joan as a battering ram and an instrument of revenge against her own brother, and the family were on the ground.

As for Tom, he stood erect; Miss Herriest was flung upon a seat. But she was a girl of resources, and seeing her only chance was to finish the valse, she turned to Tom, and he had his valse after all.

As to the Bellews, have mercy on the fallen.

At all events I will on the fellow.

As for Joan, she was picked up directly, and by the forgiving Miss Mac Flurry, but the handsome headress came off and was kicked to destruction, and Mrs. Bodderly and another score of ladies, distinctly saw, as Miss Bellew sat momentarily on the ground with her dress about her like a cheese, that she had chalked the soles of her shoes to gain greater purchase on the ball-room floor.

"I am annihilated," said Miss Bellew, and indeed as she was picked up, and with no headress on, it seemed as though the back part of her head had been suddenly scattered into space.

I know this, that the fellow went back to Chius the very day.

And as for Miss Bellew, she went to bed and pertinaciously stayed there for a week.

(To be continued.)

**STORMING A CHAPEL.**—Some disgraceful disturbances occurred on Sunday in Salford, with reference to the management of the Sunday school in connection with Windsor Chapel—an Independent place of worship. The minister and the deacons have been for some time at war upon this subject, and the result was a succession of scenes in the public streets which it would be difficult to characterise with excessive severity. Shortly before 8 o'clock the Rev. Mr. Lee (the minister of the congregation) and the party who supported him, arrived and took possession of the school-room, after which six or eight stout fellows were set to guard the entrance gate to the chapel and other buildings. Shortly before 9 o'clock, Messrs. Nicholson and Titley, with a considerable following, the majority of them being young women, made their appearance at the gate, and requested to be admitted, but were refused. A consultation ensued for a few minutes, and apparently the party who was locked out decided to force the gate; for immediately afterwards a rush was made upon it, and persevered in for a considerable length of time, amidst hooting and cries which were understood only to those immediately interested. The gate-keepers kept their places firmly, although some of them were rather roughly used, having had their hats smashed; and ultimately the attacking party were compelled to retire. The riots continue.

**THE GREAT ECLIPSE.**—On Tuesday, a shadow such as has never fallen upon the earth within historic times, will sweep at the rate of two hundred miles and more per hour from the Straits of Babel-Mandel across the two Indian peninsulas, over Borneo and Celebes, and, just touching the northern extremity of Australia, will pass over many hundreds of miles (before leaving the earth) upon the Pacific Ocean. Gradually increasing in size from the moment of first touching the earth, this shadow will attain, near the Gulf of Siam, the enormous diameter of one hundred and forty miles. Around it will spread a penumbra, having a diameter of no less than four thousand miles, so that the region actually thrown into shadow of greater or less intensity, will include about one-third of Africa, fully half of Asia, nearly the whole of the Indian Ocean and Australia, and finally about one-fourth of the Pacific Ocean. Such is the character of the great eclipse of 1868, the greatest which has taken place within the past four thousand years, or that will take place for many hundreds—perhaps for thousands of years to come.

**RECOVERY OF A NUMBER OF BODIES FROM THE OAKS COLLIERY.**—On Friday and Saturday three more bodies were brought out of the workings of the Oaks Colliery. The first was that of John Snowden, married, of Hoyle Mill, which was found in or near to the place where he worked. On Saturday the bodies of Thomas and Francis Clarkson, brothers, of Ardsley, were found in their working place, which is also in the Jones Jenny. The two youths, when alive, resided with and supported their aged mother, who was a widow. Both the bodies were frightfully mangled, and were only got out in parts. The poor mother seemed broken-hearted as she identified the bodies by the boots and clothing.

**BULLET SQUIRT.**—A Berlin correspondence mentions that some experiments have just been made at Königsberg with the new arm called the Kugelspritze or bullet squirt. It has thirty-seven barrels, all of which can be fired from six to nine times a minute, thus making from two or three hundred shots in all. The weapon, resting on a support, is fired like a rifle, the recoil being broken by a strong spiral spring. The results do not appear to have been very satisfactory.

## THE GARDEN.

### PLANT HOUSES.

ALL soft-wooded plants intended for winter flowering must now have the full benefit of as much light as possible. Of course should dull weather exist, this will be absolutely necessary. These remarks apply to varieties of impatiens, pentas, torenias, poinsettias, begonias—of the flowering section, &c., amongst stove plants proper; and to libonias, monochostums, pelargoniums (Cape), and other sorts belonging to more intermediate structures. Reduce in like manner the amount of shading afforded to all orchids which are about completing their growth, giving less and less moisture both at the root and atmospherically until they are fairly stowed away to rest. An average temperature of from 70 deg. to 75 deg. by night, with an upward range of another 10 deg. or 15 deg. by day, and a liberal allowance of air, will suit them well. "Pot on" the earlier batch of cape pelargoniums as soon as they have become well established in their first pots. Shake the soil off the roots of the second lot; wash the roots in nice soft water, and repot into small pots as soon as they have "broken freely," cutting the later lot down, and by the necessary protection of a frame inducing them to "break freely." Examine them well, and should the least symptoms of mildew appear dust immediately with sulphur. Pot off both seedlings and cuttings of cinerarias. I have repeatedly stated that they delight in a free open admixture of rough leaf-mould, loam, and silver sand, in proper proportions, and in the shelter afforded by a frame, fixed in a shady situation. Keep the conservatory rather drier than previously, as the moisture caused by condensation of excessive vapour in the air has a very injurious effect upon full-blown flowers. This effect will become more and more intense as the nights grow colder.

### HARDY FLOWER GARDEN.

Now— whilst the parterre and flower-beds generally exhibit well to the view the bearing of individual colours each to other, and a somewhat appropriate estimation can be formed of the merits of any future intended blendings—will be the proper time to form a somewhat definite idea as to what sorts are necessary for propagation shortly, with the view of securing the needful supply at the proper time in the ensuing spring. Weigh well, therefore, the bearings of various plants, and, if possible, endeavour to outdo in the future all previous efforts. Considerable skill will be needed to keep up an untrifling interest in the "home garden" to those who are constantly at home, and, indeed, it is only by well-arranged changes that gardeners can hope to give satisfaction; hence I advise them to give their attention to this point forthwith. In those instances where any bedding plants, such as petunias, verbenas, &c., have made anything like a free growth, it will be necessary to thin them out, and to regulate them. Water the layers of all pinks, picotees, carnations, &c., constantly; if they are allowed to become too dry after roots have been formed it will throw them back very much, if indeed they will root at all freely afterwards. With dahlias, earwig pests are unusually troublesome; trapping them, therefore, must be pursued with vigour. Few things are better for the purpose than the dried stalks of broad beans placed in between the foliage, and small pots with a little moss at the bottom turned upside down upon the apex of the stakes. These latter however have a somewhat ugly appearance, which I think is a decided objection when comparison is made between them and the former, which they be used without being seen, and from which the insects may be blown into water, with not a tittle of the trouble necessary in the case of pots.

### HARDY FRUIT GARDEN.

Those earlier Strawberry runners which were placed in pots in process of layering, will now have filled their small pots pretty well full of roots. It will be necessary, therefore, to sever them from the parent plants, and after a day or so has elapsed, to pot them finally into their fruiting pots. The most convenient size is "6-inch" pots; and an admixture of good stiff fibrous maiden loam, well-decomposed rich spit manure, with the siftings of dry, but at the same time thoroughly decayed cow-dung, will suit them admirably. One good serviceable "crock" will suffice, with some of the rougher siftings placed over it. Pot roughly with coarse, lumpy pieces, and press them only moderately firm. Be careful not to fill the pots too full, or to bury the "crowns" too deeply. Place them when potted in an open, sunny situation, and where all the winds and air can have moderately free access around them. Do not commence watering with liquid manure for some time to come, but rather afford time for the roots to make free and healthy progress in the new soil.

Proceed with the formation of Strawberry beds as soon as nicely-rooted layers are procurable. The ground, previously well trenched, as I have before advised, should be well trodden down before planting. They delight in a good stiff loam, sufficiently free—caused by mixing a little gritty matter therewith, to cause it to remain moderately open; as no digging or forking is at all needed during the whole period when they occupy this space until again taken up, and it is necessary to repeat the process of forming fresh beds. Continue to remove all runners which are seen to issue forth from around the old plants. Allowing these to grow too freely not only injures the proper formation of a crown of good size, but has, no doubt, something to do with its freedom of flowering hereafter.

### KITCHEN GARDEN.

Cucumbers upon ridges, when properly attended to, have done moderately well this season, and a good harvest of gherkins for pickling will have been obtained. Do not allow any to seed, and afford a moderate supply of liquid manure during the whole future period which they last in vigour. Cut back and thin out all the grosser shoots and leaves which shade the fruit upon tomatoes. Give them a good watering occasionally, and so aid them in the formation of good crops. Continue to collect "horse-droppings" for mushroom beds, making them quickly into a bed after having lain a few days to "sweat down." These will not need any great outlay of time to dry, so dry and wholesome is all such material as yet this season. Bring up all matters of routine which yet remains to be done.—W. E. in the "Gardener's Chronicle."

**A HEARTLESS TRICK.**—One night last week a young woman, not married over a hundred hours, hurried through the pouring rain to the office of a physician in Market-street, Newark, arriving at which she said her husband had taken poison—all the while exhibiting symptoms of extreme distress. The doctor went with her to her residence, where he examined the alleged poisoner, without, however, finding any sign of the draught or drug it had been said he had swallowed. The poor woman, still in distress, declared that she had seen her husband take "something," and so earnest was she in her tone and manner, that the man of medicine decided on a search of the "sufferer's" pockets, in which, after some trouble, he caught hold of an ounce of arsenic neatly done up in a packet that had not been untied, and afterwards a paper of seidlitz powders, a part of which had been taken out. At this discovery light seemed to break on the doctor's mind, also on that of the young wife; and the husband, evidently supposing that he had done a smart thing, confessed that having quarrelled with his "rib," he had swallowed a little of the seidlitz powder, pretending it to be poison, just to test her affection for him.—*Boston Times*, (U. S.).

**THE REVIEW IN PARIS.**—On the review and *fe'd* days in Paris some people had the courage to brave the police by showing themselves in the streets with copies of the *Lanterne* attached to their arms by little chains. They were probably old numbers, and the police would only have exposed themselves to be laughed at had they looked to see whether they were part of the edition seized.

## THE DRAWING ROOM.

### THE PARISIAN FASHIONS.

THE event of the week has been the passage of Queen Victoria through Paris, and although it has been mentioned in almost every paper that has been printed since it occurred, I cannot be silent on a subject which has occupied so much attention, and formed such a fruitful theme of conversation among us all. I will therefore add a few details which I have not seen mentioned elsewhere.

The Queen, as everyone knows, arrived in Paris at seven o'clock in the morning. A large scarlet carpet had been spread at the station where the train drew up. Her Majesty was in mourning, as we had all anticipated; a black satin dress, a large paletot trimmed with gimp, and a tulle and lace bonnet constituted her travelling attire. Her two daughters, the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, were dressed alike in short costumes of striped light grey silk, with a small paletot to match, and white bonnets trimmed with pink; besides which they had worn large cloaks of buff alpaca, but these they dispensed with on descending from the railway carriage. Prince Leopold wore a dark blue jacket and grey trousers. Prince Louis possesses a very graceful figure, beautiful hair, and an exquisitely fresh complexion—points of beauty much considered and admired in this fastidious capital of ours.

The carriage which conveyed the Queen to the Embassy was a large open one, but Her Majesty requested that the hood should be put up before she drove off. The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Paris the same morning, *via* Calais. He drove direct to the Hotel Bristol, and afterwards to the British Embassy, where he joined the Royal breakfast party. No one, not even Lord Lyons, was invited to breakfast with the Queen.

At three o'clock on the same afternoon the Empress Eugénie called at the Embassy. Queen Victoria descended to the foot of the staircase to receive her visitor. She wore the same black dress, and a small cap advancing with a point on the forehead; her chestnut hair, without apparently a single silver thread, combed smoothly at the side of her face. The Empress wore an exquisite toilette of white Organdy muslin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace; a high bodice and a mantelet lined with mauve silk, also tastefully trimmed with Valenciennes. A small fanchon bonnet, all of Valenciennes lace, with a mauve bandeau, and a white and mauve aigrette. The two sovereigns embraced each other, and passed at once into the drawing room, where they conversed alone and uninterruptedly for upwards of half an hour. Then the Empress was reconducted by the Queen to the staircase, was embraced once more by her and by the Princesses, and drove off to the Elysée. It was thought that the Queen would return the Empress's visit, but it appears that etiquette does not permit Her Britannic Majesty to act as she doubtless otherwise would have done had she not been travelling incognito. Etiquette is incomprehensible to me when it permits any lady to receive a politeness which she does not return. The two Princesses and Prince Leopold drove out during the day to see Paris, and to make some purchases at different well-known shops. The Queen took tea at five o'clock with her children, and at seven she drove off again to the railway station de l'Est, the first carriage containing Her Majesty, the Princess Louise, the Marchioness of Ely, and Lord Lyons; the second the Princess Beatrice and her governess, Prince Leopold and his tutor, Mr. Duckworth.

The Empress by that time had started by rail for Fontainebleau, accompanied by Lord Stanley, the English Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was invited to dine at the palace, and spend the following day at Fontainebleau. The Duke of Edinburgh was likewise Her Majesty's guest.

Madlle. Beatrix de Moustier's wedding, which I announced in my last letter, was celebrated this week at the church of St. Clotilde, in Paris. The witnesses on the part of the bride were Count de Mérode, brother to the Marchioness de Moustier, and Count de Moustier, the Minister's brother. The bride's toilette was very simple, but it served to show off her fine figure and distinguished appearance. A white poul de soie dress, a large tulle veil, a few delicate sprays of orange flowers among her raven locks, constituted the bridal toilette. M. de Clermont-Tonnerre followed the new fashion, and wore a dark blue coat and light trousers.

After the ceremony a sumptuous breakfast was given at the Ministry to the friends and relations of both families. In the afternoon the Marquis de Clermont-Tonnerre and his youthful wife drove, unaccompanied, round the lake in the Bois. At the present season there are so few of the great world in Paris, that they did not fear recognition. The bride wore her travelling costume of pearl-grey cashmere trimmed with ruffles of the same material, and a white straw toque ornamented with a cerise feather. The marquis wore an ordinary walking suit. Nobody would have thought they had been married a few hours previously, so simply dressed were this very aristocratic couple. I should not have recognised them but for the carriage, which was magnificently appointed, the servants with powdered heads and silk stockings, and a flower in their button-hole, the arms of the Clermont-Tonnerre family, emblazoned on the doors—the same carriage, in fact, that had conveyed the marquis to church in the morning. The bride and bridegroom started the same evening for Arcachon.

The races at Deauville, which came off recently, were most brilliant. Among the stars of the great world were to be noted the Duchesse de Sesto, the Marchioness de Gallifet—the latter lady, as pretty as one of Florian's shepherdesses, in a toilette of buff cambric ruffled and elaborately adorned with pompons of sky-blue silk; a small sailor-hat with a large blue veil. The bull fight at Havre has also been a success; it was a bloodless one à la Française; one torador excited the warmest enthusiasm among the ladies, who showered bouquets of roses in the most liberal manner.

All the world is not at the seaside, for a great many aristocratic families are residing in the environs of Paris during these warm summer months, and a great many charming reunions are constantly taking place. Madame V., who resides in a pleasant château near St. Cloud, and is famed for her "little dinners," gave one last week, which was an immense success. Pretty Countess de B. was present, wearing an exquisite toilette, which I will describe. A white poul de soie dress, the skirt bordered at the edge with a black lace flounce; a Watteau casaque of black lace, looped up with Poutal's roses; the bodice of the Watteau was high, but a low white silk bodice was worn beneath it; a wide cerise gros grain sash; not an ornament or flower adorned the splendid head of black hair, but there was an eagle of black pearls, rubies, and diamonds at the throat.

The hostess wore a pretty fresh-looking toilette of Dagmar blue silk, covered with Organdy muslin; a deep flounce bordered the skirt, and there was a profusion of Valenciennes on the bodice. A wide sash of pale blue gros grain and turquoise ornaments completed the toilette.

The novel style of arranging the hair introduced by M. Felix is very widely patronised. It is becoming, easy to arrange, and very probably will dethrone these monstrosities of chignons.

First of all there is a small bandeau waved, and combed low on the forehead; then the back hair is divided into two equal parts, and a bandeau is formed to look like a thick ruluca behind each ear. Between these rouleaux there is a wide plait, which is fastened up the centre as high as the bandeaux. A long curl is added at the side.

The mania for velocipedes is spreading in the most wonderful manner. I hear everywhere of the feats which ladies are accomplishing in their own velocipedes in their parks. Several evince quite a passion for the exercise, and they wear a velocipede costume, made expressly for the occasion.—*The Queen*.





ADELINA PATTI—MARQUISE DE CAUX.

## ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

On Saturday a general meeting of shareholders of the Royal Polytechnic Institution took place in the small theatre, for the purpose of receiving reports as to its operations during the half-year ending June 30. The Rev. J. B. Owen, M.A., chairman of the company, presided, and was supported by Professor Pepper and other directors. The financial report was of a most satisfactory character, the balance of revenue account showing an increase in the last half-year of £332 1s. 10d., making a total profit of £867 7s. 3d., as compared with £535 5s. 5d. on the previous half-year, a circumstance which enabled the directors, after writing off a sum of £72 18s. 4d., to declare a dividend of 5 per cent. for the half-year, free of income tax. The report of the educational department, from the Rev. C. Mackenzie, was satisfactory. That which might be termed the "blue riband" prize of the Society of Arts, his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort's prize, given by the Queen, value 25 guineas, had been carried off by a student of the Polytechnic; whilst a premium for a tie for the same prize of £12 10s. had also been awarded to another of their students. The gross amount of their prizes from the Society of Arts, had been £77 15s. The Polytechnic was one of 135 societies which sent in candidates for examination. There were 1,842 candidates examined. Of this number the Polytechnic had 27, out of 65 prizes 10 came to them. The certificates they obtained during the half-year had been—from the Society of Arts: First class 12, second 15, and third 20. At the Science and Art Department, South Kensington: First class 10, second 4, and third 4; and at the City of London College, only open to members, but to which they sent five, they carried off seven certificates—one first and six second.

**VALENTINES.**—In 1866 the number of valentines sent through the Post Office was estimated at 997,900, whilst in 1867 the number rose to 1,119,142. As in previous years, it was found that the valentines sent from London to the country were twice as numerous as those sent from the country to London; and also that the number of valentines posted in the Western District was, in both years, greatly in excess of the number posted in any other district of London. The estimated postage derived from the valentines passing through London was £9,354 in 1866, and £11,242 in 1867. Valentines having postage charged upon them to the amount of nearly £200 in each year were refused by the persons to whom they were addressed.

**THE GREAT VOLCANO IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—A San Francisco paper says:—"The volcano, which proved to be a 'nine days' wonder, has entirely subsided, and furnishes nothing for travellers to witness but the ruins and desolation which it left. The suddenness of its cessation is a perfect contrast to the prolonged exhibitions of former years."

## RAILWAY FARES.

MR. TOM HOOD, a popular man, has rightly put himself at the head of a popular complaint—that of increased railway fares. He writes to a contemporary:—"Will you allow me to give publicity to a suggestion which has been made to enable working men to resist the extortion of the southern railways? The suggestion is, that they should form themselves into co-operative societies, and hire the pleasure vans that abound in the metropolis to convey them to town and back. These vehicles could be chartered on easier terms than omnibuses, and the working men are acquainted with their working and their terms, and know where to find them. I would also urge the travelling public to study the new Railway Regulation Act. The companies oppress us by Act of Parliament, and we may fairly retort. They will, no doubt, attempt to evade the provisions of the statute, and should be informed against in every instance. It has been suggested that the opponents of extortion should have a distinctive badge, and I believe a quiet and inexpensive knot of ribbon is being prepared by Messrs. Wheeler, of Regent-street and the Poultry, bearing the initials "O. P." "Old Prices" was a successful war cry in old times, and brings a good omen to the public cause. We shall get no consideration from the companies, at least if we may judge of the spirit that animates the directors from the conduct of the undertrappers. I had to forward copies of resolutions to Messrs. Forbes, Eborall, and Hawkins, but not one of them has acknowledged their receipt—a mere act of courtesy one might expect from them as men of business, not to say gentlemen."

**THE DISASTER AT CADORE.**—The loss of property occasioned by the fall of a mountain on the village of Cancia has been estimated at a million of lire. The three stone bridges of Peajo, Brunian, and Vallerina were washed away by the deluge. The Minister of the Interior and the provincial council of Belluno have given 1,500 lire each for the poor people whose houses were destroyed, and their case has also been laid before the King of Italy.

**WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.**—The Rev. W. T. Redcliffe read the pastoral address at the meeting of the conference last week. The Rev. J. Bedford, ex-president, moved the adoption of the address. Dr. Johnson seconded and the Rev. J. W. Thomas supported the resolution, which was carried unanimously. The secretary read a letter from the Rev. Thomas Jackson, which was regarded of such intrinsic and relative importance that the Rev. J. Bedford moved that a vote of thanks be given to Mr. Jackson, with a request that he would allow the conference to publish the letter in the Magazine. The Rev. J. W. Greeves seconded the resolution, which was cordially supported by several members of the conference and passed.

## FIRST LONDON ENGINEERS.

THE annual inspection of this corps took place on Saturday evening, at their drill ground, Islington. Colonel Ewart, C.B., commanding Royal Engineer of the London district, was the inspecting officer, and the corps was under the command of Lieut.-Colonel H. Garnet Man, commandant. The inspection commenced soon after six o'clock, the inspecting officer being received with the usual general salute by the battalion, which was composed of five companies. After riding down the ranks and inspecting the arms and appointments, Colonel Ewart took up his position at the saluting point, and the battalion having broken into open column of companies marched past. Line having been reformed, the manual and platoon exercises were performed under the command of Lieutenant Stillwell. The commanding officer then put the battalion through a few movements, and the drill inspection was concluded by an advance in line in review order and salute. Colonel Ewart then proceeded to inspect the practice ground and model shed of the corps, where a very effective display was made of the various models, plans, and diagrams which have been constructed and drawn by the members during the year, prominent among which may be mentioned an improved flying bridge, designed by the instructor of the corps, Serjeant Major F. Hill, R.E.; an attack by field works on Vauban's first system; a square redoubt, double and single saps, batteries, trench cavalier, and barrel pier bridges, upon all of which questions by the inspecting officer were readily answered by the members. The inspection concluded, Colonel Ewart addressed the corps.

**THE LATE RAINS AND STOCK FEEDING.**—The rains (remarks the *ardens' Chronicle*) are bringing the old-fashioned green back to our grass fields. Travelling northwards through the midland counties ten days ago, we could not see the sheep upon the pastures except by the help of their shadows; the grass had become exactly the colour of the wool. Bleached and withered to a dusky drab, it appeared to be dead and gone; but coming south again the other day, we could see that the young blade was everywhere coming to the surface: and thus, all fears of winter's famine for our live stock will, we hope and believe, disappear as autumn passes by.

**CAPTURE OF A SHARK.**—A few days since, as Charles Armstrong, Esq., accompanied by Mr. Geale, of Limerick, was out fishing in the Bay of Lahinch (where the fishing this season has been most successful) they came upon a shoal of sharks, and succeeded in disabling and capturing one of them, of large dimensions. They caught at five of them, and the one which Mr. Armstrong, with great exertions, was enabled to retain, was 6½ feet long, and weighed 13 stone. He discharged five shots into its body before it could be secured—and the size of the monster when brought shore greatly surprised the visitors at that watering place.



### AUSTRALIA AS A POLITICAL EXAMPLE.

OBSERVERS of passing events from an English stand-point must be at a loss what to think or believe about the political affairs of Australia generally, and of Victoria particularly. Whig and Tory pamphleteers point to this colony as an example of the fearful mischief that is done by democracy, while advanced liberals exult over the success which has attended the adoption of the ballot as a part of our electoral machinery. Now, we colonists have an objection to being exhibited in this fashion by either party. In the first place, this is not a democracy to any greater extent than the United Kingdom is a democracy; and in the next place, notwithstanding the success of the ballot, there are many things in our electoral system which are very defective, leading to abuses unknown in England. So far from this being a democracy, the people here are at the present moment struggling for the possession of those fundamental rights and privileges which are essential to a system of representative and responsible government, and which were fought for and won centuries ago in England. This colony, held up by one party as a shocking example, and by another as a perfect cynosure, is in the position of the man who had two wives—one young and the other old. The old one picked out his black hairs, and the young one his grey hairs, so that there was a danger of his becoming quite bald. Now, we Australians protest against being served in this fashion, and would rather appear as we are than as others would fashion us. For this reason we ask the reading public of the United Kingdom to listen to our own account of ourselves; we ask them to learn what we are doing, what progress we are making, how we get along socially, how we amuse ourselves, and what we mean to do next from our own word of mouth.—*McLaurie Ags.*

### LONGFELLOW AT THE TEMPLE.

SOME short time since the poet Longfellow, accompanied by Mr. Charles Kent, visited the Temple, expressing and showing the utmost interest in all that was pointed out to him. He was especially delighted with the fine old hall of the Middle Temple, after which the library must have appeared at once pretentious and tasteless; but he inscribed his name in the visitors' book, where it will be one of the most valued autographs. But more even than by the buildings was the poet's fancy touched by the sight of the old mulberry tree, still in full leaf, though propped by crutches, as he called them, under whose shade in the garden of the Middle Temple, Henry VIII. and Ann Boleyn so often sat together, and in whom then the lady little dreamed that she saw at once her husband and her executioner. Still more was the poet moved by the dead old sycamore stump in the Inner Temple, now protected by railings, as a sacred relic, where, in its mature verdure, Dr. Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were wont to meet and hold converse in the manner immortalised by Boswell. Thence did Longfellow pass to the grave of Goldsmith outside the church, and into the church itself with its tombs and statues of the Knights Templar. Although his intended visit was not previously announced, it soon became noised about the Temple that the American poet was performing a pilgrimage to its many memorials of long ago, and some of the benchers came and were introduced to him, and civilities were exchanged, and let us hope that the inspiration of what had so much delighted and so profoundly touched him will find fit expression in some immortal verse.—*Lat Times.*

### VENTNOR AND THE UNDERCLIFF.

To the Editor of the Illustrated Weekly News.

SIR,—Ventnor has done herself less than justice in your columns. The mortality of the place, notwithstanding the fact that very many invalids resort too late to her health-restoring and sun-protected Bay, is less than that of any other place in England. Your contemporary, the *Daily News* of Monday, the 17th inst., has an interesting letter from Major Drayson, who has resided there for some time, in which some of the causes for the comparative coolness of Ventnor are given. He says:—"During the excessively hot weather of July and August the temperature here was many degrees lower than in the majority of places in other parts of England, owing mainly to the sea-breeze which, with the regularity of a trade wind, sets in each afternoon, and to the cliffs, east and west, giving so much shade to the town. Thus whilst warm and sheltered in winter, yet in summer the climate here is cool and pleasant, owing to the amount of shade afforded by the locality. During July the greatest out-of-door heat in shade was 78 degrees, and indoors 74 degrees, whilst upwards of 90 degrees was accorded elsewhere." With such facts before the migratory English public, there should be no doubt as to the place of their choice. Nor need they fear the absence of every variety and class of needed accommodation, nor (that natural bugbear to fathers of families) extravagant charges. I have visited many places in the course of an active business life for temporary change and recreation, and I can safely avouch that Ventnor is as much more economical, as it is more beautiful, than any of the readily-reached watering-places on our coasts. The London-bridge and Waterloo authorities are issuing through tickets to Ventnor on very reasonable terms; ease and comfort, and the absence of black mail from



THE MOTHER'S HOPE.

### THE HAIR MARKET.

A CURIOUS cargo has just arrived at Havre. The French ship *Prophète*, from Vera Cruz, comes laden entirely with that commodity for which there never was at any time since the beginning of the world so great a demand as now—false hair, or rather real hair to be used falsely. The hair in question is almost all black, and consists in great part of scalps of Apaches, Comanches, and other native Mexican tribes. When the French army was in Mexico many of the Indians fled in terror to get out of the way, but first hid in caves and woods, the bones of their ancestors and the trophies they had won in war. Among the latter none are more sacred than the scalps of enemies with the long hair attached. Some smart French speculators by the aid of bribery contrived to discover the sanctuaries where these scalps were concealed, and the result is an acquisition for France which is expected at once to cause a fall in false hair in the great marts of Brittany, Normandy, and Auvergne, in which provinces almost all the peasant girls sell their hair early, and wear a cotton kerchief round the head for the rest of their lives. At present the merchandise is filthy to behold, and smells so bad as to infect the whole port. But the owners say that when well washed and purified by steam it will become beautifully soft and glossy; and no doubt next season much of it will float over some of the most fashionable necks in Paris, for black hair is again coming into fashion.

PRINTED MAIL MATTER.—It is a remarkable fact that when there were only three mail steamers monthly between San Francisco and Panama, the average number of bags of printed mail matter received was about eighty. Now there are four steamers per month, the number has increased to one hundred and fifty bags.—*Panama Star.*

### ARE WOMEN ENTITLED TO VOTE?

W. N. TRUSS, Curate of Donington, writing to the *Daily News*, says:—"Having written to the Premier upon the above question, I think it may interest some of your readers, the fair sex especially, to know what is the state of the case."

10, Downing-street, Whitehall, August 14.  
Rev. Sir,—I am directed by Mr. Disraeli to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., requesting to be informed, with reference to a paragraph which has lately appeared in the Birmingham paper, whether women will be entitled to vote at the coming election, and to acquaint you that it rest with the revising barrister alone to decide whether names are properly placed on the list by the overseers.—I am, &c.,  
The Rev. W. N. Truss.

FRENCH KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLAND.—The French editors are often ignorant of English matters. We have one making the Princess of Teck the daughter of the Queen of England. One more allusion to the reports on the review. I read that Lord Napier was called by the French crowd "the conqueror of Magdala." The crowd was less intelligent where I was, and dozens inquired of me, "Who, then, is the officer in red?" "Lord Napier—just come from Abyssinia, you know." Answer: "Ah, truly" (evidently not knowing if Abyssinia was in England). At length one of superior intellect—he was a policeman of high rank—asked the question. I answered him. "Ah! a native Abyssinian officer, is he? and come to see our soldiers. Well, he will have something to say about them when he goes back *la-bas*." After that I gave them up, and, when asked, merely said that the officer in scarlet was the Secretary of the Privy Council, and Purser-in-Chief of the British navy.

porters, guards, &c., are therefore ensured, and I doubt not that very many at the close of the season of 1868 will be prepared to verify the statements of yours respectfully,  
AN OLD VENTNOR VISITOR.

PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT.—The *Daily News* publishes the following satirical letter, of course written in the office:—"I am a young man of good personal preence, popular manners, and ready, versatile address, to whom discerning friends attribute all the qualities calculated to secure success in a parliamentary career. It is not clear to me at present whether I should shine most in the diplomatic or colonial line, or in home administration. At present, however, I am thinking how to get into the House of Commons. But a preliminary difficulty threatens to stop me at the threshold of my career. A number of persons in the inferior walks of life, whom I have perhaps too inconsiderately allowed to supply me with articles suitable to a man of liberal tastes, apprehending that my election would deprive them of a remedy, are pressing their claims with an eagerness which only confirms me in my estimate of this class of people. I was under the impression that persons occupied in the business of their election to parliament were exempt from arrest, but my law advisers tell me this is a mistake. Pray, sir, take this matter up, for it seems to me a serious thing if the choice of the people is to be narrowed at the will of three or four private persons, of whose action in the case the world knows nothing. It seems to me that either the privilege of a member of parliament ought to be extended to candidates or be abolished altogether, in which case my bootmaker and wine-merchant would probably be among my best friends. HENRY DEUCEACE."

A BULLETIN, issued on Monday by Dr. Ferre, states that her Royal Highness the Princess of Teck and the newly born infant Prince are going on quite well.



## LAW AND POLICE.

## CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

The August session of this Court commenced on Monday.

## THE CASE OF MADAME RACHEL.

Mr. Serjeant Parry (with him Mr. Serjeant Sleigh), in making an application in the case of Madame Rachel, said: There is a case of "The Queen against Leveson" in the list for this morning. The prosecution have given notice that they intend to prefer another indictment, which will involve some consideration. I have spoken to my learned friend, Mr. Montagu Williams, who appears for the prosecution, and he will consent, if your lordship will, to the application I now make to have the trial postponed until Thursday.

Mr. Montagu Williams said he had no objection, for he thought the postponement only fair.

The Recorder thereupon granted the application.

## BIGAMY.

Lancelott James Keene, 26, clerk, pleaded guilty to feloniously marrying Jane Hammeley, during the lifetime of his first wife. The prisoner appears to have told the second wife that he was a married man, but had induced her to marry by showing her papers and documents to make her believe that he was instituting a suit in the Divorce Court, and that virtually he was a free man. She had been obliged to leave him on account of his conduct to her; and, these facts coming to her father's knowledge, proceedings were at once instituted against the prisoner. The prisoner, who denied having treated her unkindly, made an appeal ad misericordiam; but was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour.

## THE ALLEGED MURDER WITH A CHOPPER.

On Saturday afternoon an inquest was held by Mr. Payne, at Guy's Hospital, in reference to the death of Charles Denny, aged 49, who was murderously assaulted by Catherine Cocklin, otherwise Roe, with a chopper, and by Robert Roe, with a pair of tongs, his death ultimately ensuing from the injuries inflicted.

William Ward, a youth, was the first witness examined. He said that on the previous Saturday night, about a quarter to twelve, he was standing on the step of a corn-chandler's shop in Duke-street, Union-street, Borough, when he saw the deceased coming out of a house in Pavour's-alley, occupied by a man named Bryant. As deceased came down the passage he saw the woman Roe strike him three times on the head with a butcher's chopper. Denny, the deceased, did not then fall, but as witness was running down the alley he was about to do so, but witness saved him by seizing hold of his arm. Denny was bleeding profusely from the head. The woman after striking the man on the head threw down the chopper and went in the direction of the Borough. He also saw the man Roe strike Denny on the head with a pair of tongs. Witness assisted the deceased to his lodgings in Yewer-street, where a barrow was procured on which the injured man was placed and conveyed to the hospital.

John Bryant, of 10, Duke's-court, Union-street, said that at five minutes to twelve on Saturday night Denny came to see witness, and he had no sooner entered the house than Robert Roe, from No. 8 in the same court, came in. He told witness that his wife while he was absent, had been improperly sitting at the street door with another man, and that he behaved indecently towards her. Witness ordered him out of the house, and on his refusal to go, witness endeavoured to put him out, when Roe knocked him down. Mrs. Roe then entered the house at that moment, and struck Denny with a chopper on the temple, then threw down the chopper in the court, and ran away. Roe went into a neighbour's, and brought out a pair of tongs, with which he also struck the deceased on the head. He kept the tongs in his hand, and stood at the street door, and was afterwards taken into custody.

Cornelius Denny, of 2, Yewer-street, said that deceased was his father. Bryant and his father were friends, but he was unacquainted with the Roes.

Mr. John Colley, house surgeon at Guy's Hospital, deposed to the admission of the deceased on Saturday night, 8th inst. He had a large cut on the left side of the forehead and small cuts and scratches about the face. The bones of the skull were driven in. He became unconscious, and died on Friday last from the injuries.

Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of 12, Duke's-court, said that on the night in question Roe ran into her house, and firstly took up the kettle and then seized the tongs, and ran out with them. She saw him strike the deceased on the head.

Police-constable 124 M, said he and Serjeant Matthews went down Duke's-court on Saturday night, and saw Denny being supported and bleeding from the head. From what Denny said he went to Roe's house, and saw him standing at the door with a pair of tongs in his hand. He asked him if Mrs. Roe lived there, when he replied, "If you want any one, take me." Mrs. Roe had absconded. She was not married to Roe. Her name was Catherine Cocklin.

Further corroborative evidence having been given,

The Coroner summed up, and left the jury to decide on their verdict.

After a short consultation the following verdict was returned:—"Manslaughter against Robert Roe and Catherine Cocklin for feloniously killing and slaying Charles Denny."

The Coroner issued his warrant, and the proceedings terminated.

## A SAD CASE OF SUICIDE OF A BRIDEGROOM.

On Saturday an inquest of a somewhat unusual character was held by Dr. Lankester at Middlesex Hospital, the deceased being John Hendington, 20 years of age.

Dr. Andrew Stephens, resident medical officer at Middlesex Hospital, deposed to the deceased being brought to that institution about six o'clock on Tuesday evening last. He was told he had taken aconite. His pulse was subnormal, he had a difficulty in swallowing, his speech was affected, and his memory was partially gone. He was sensible, but did not tell what he had taken. Emetics had been administered previously to the deceased being brought to the hospital, but the stomach pump was there used, and the fluid obtained was tried on a dog, and returned the symptoms of poisoning by aconite. It was also tested on the tip of the tongue, undoubtedly giving the presence of that irritant poison. Death ensued about two hours after admission to the hospital. The examination after death proved that death was due to poisoning by aconite.

The Coroner.—Have you ascertained the strength of the poison? Witness: It was "Fleming's Tincture of Aconite," which is six times as strong as that of the Pharmacopoeia.

William Bray, employed at the General Apothecaries Company, Berners-street, Oxford-street, as manager of the laboratory, said the deceased was a porter under him. On Tuesday afternoon deceased appeared low-spirited, but witness took little notice of it. Being about five o'clock witness gave him a glass jug to fetch the milk for tea. About two minutes afterwards the deceased's brother-in-law came running upstairs, and said, "John has taken poison!" Deceased would not tell what he had taken. An emetic (sulphate of zinc) was almost immediately given—he being drenched—and five minutes after he was forced with a second. He had also plenty of warm water and warm coffee given to him. Being conscious, he was sent to the hospital.

The Coroner: Did you know what he had taken?

Witness: Not until one of the boys said he had seen the deceased take down a two-gallon jar, which was at the end of the laboratory, and having poured some into a glass bottle returned it.

Coroner: Do you know why he did it?

Witness: I have not the slightest notion, but I think he took it purposely.

George Sparrowhawk, the brother-in-law referred to, said he saw the deceased the moment after he had taken the poison. He said to witness, "Oh, George! oh, George!" The boy said deceased had been crying, and pointed out a jar from which he had taken some liquid and drank it. Witness, knowing what the jar contained, exclaimed, "Good God! he has taken aconite," and then ran and informed Mr. Bray.

Sarah Skeats, of 1, Edmond's-yard, Minories, said that arrangements were made for the deceased and herself to be married on Sunday, and they were then going to live in Wells-street, near his place of employment. It was to have been a secret marriage, and everything was fully arranged. She last saw him on Sunday afternoon, when he hardly spoke to her, and she joked him about it, little thinking that he premeditated a violent death. He was a very steady, sober young man.

The Coroner: Did you have any lovers' quarrels?

Witness: Oh, never, sir.

The Coroner: Dr. Stevens, are you aware of any efficacious antidote for vegetable poisons; if so, it should be made known?

Dr. Stevens: Yes. If powdered animal charcoal in water were early administered, after an emetic or the use of the stomach-pump, it would be very effective.

The Coroner: Yes. Dr. Garrad, of King's College, discovered that by pouring animal charcoal on poisons they became rapidly decomposed. (To the jury:) Well, gentlemen, I do not think we have got to the cause of the commission of this act—there is something further to be known; but we have gone as far as we can. It was evident that something had disturbed the mind of the young man.

The Jury agreed with the coroner, and said there certainly was a mystery in the case.

A verdict of "Suicide under temporary insanity" was accorded.

## SERVANT GIRLS AND THEIR TEMPTATIONS.—

Harriet Neighbour, a servant girl, about eighteen years of age, was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with stealing three sovereigns, a diamond ring, and a pair of boots, the property of Mr. William Seams, of Three Colt-street, Limehouse. The prisoner had been a domestic servant in the employ of the prosecutor for two months. On Thursday afternoon her mistress was from home for several hours, and on her return she missed three sovereigns from a drawer, which was not locked, and a gold ring, set with small turquoise stones and flowers, from a jewellery box on her mantel-shelf. She also missed a pair of boots. The police were consulted, and the prisoner was at once suspected, and on being taken into custody on Friday evening by Walter, a police-constable, No. 378 K, she was then wearing the boots belonging to her mistress. They were taken from her, and on being asked what she had done with the money and the ring, she declared she had never seen either. Soon after she reached the station-house, she told the constable if he would take her back to Mrs. Seams's dwelling she would show him where the missing ring could be found. Walter declined to release her for a minute, but he went back to the house, and in the place mentioned by the prisoner he found the ring, and a purse containing 13s. 2d. John Manning, a police-sergeant, No. 15 K, found in another house, two pieces of dress, a new bonnet, and some trimmings, which the girl had purchased with the stolen money. The turquoise stones were taken out of the ring, and were not recovered. The prisoner had been in a reformatory school for three years, and once punished by a long term of imprisonment for a similar offence. She offered no defence, and admitted that she had been in a reformatory.—Mr. Paget committed the prisoner for trial, and remarked that many robberies had been committed by servant girls in consequence of the temptation thrown in their way, and this was one of those cases. Money was put away in a drawer accessible to any one, and not locked, and the ring was in an open box on the mantel-shelf. It was probable the girl would not have committed the robbery but for the open temptation thrown in her way. The money ought to have been locked up, and the box of jewellery not placed on the mantel-shelf exposed to view. He hoped the observations he was induced to make on the subject would not be lost sight of by masters and mistresses.

UNGENEALY CONDUCT.—Henry Marshall, 38, described as a traveller, in the service of Messrs. George Eilbeck and Co., of 1, Milk-street, Cheapside; and Henry Browning, a draper, of 3, Old Manor-road, Stepney, were charged before Mr. Ellison (Worship-street), with disorderly conduct in the Royal Standard Theatre, and annoying the audience.—On the case being called on, Mr. Marshall did not surrender, he had been admitted to bail by the police-inspector. His recognisances were therefore ordered to be retailed. At a latter period of the day he surrendered, and the evidence which had been taken against Browning was recapitulated. It was as follows:—Woolf Phillips, a door-keeper at the Standard Theatre, said that on the previous night he saw the prisoners come into the theatre, and seat themselves in the stalls. He noticed they were drunk, several times shouted aloud, and mimicked and talked at the people on the stage. Witness spoke to them several times, but they did not desist. Subsequently they went out, and as they went flourished the umbrellas they carried, and shouted aloud "Higher!" causing considerable alarm in the body of the house. Witness again spoke to them respecting their conduct. Soon after they returned to their seats and made a great noise by knocking, shouting, and talking to the people on the stage. After the conclusion of one of the pieces the prisoners again called out "Higher! higher!" This being mistaken by the audience, there was instantly a great rush for the door, the audience pushing and stumbling over each other. When witness spoke to them they jeered at him. There were about 2,000 persons present, and great confusion was created by the conduct of the prisoners.—Henry Lee, money taker at the Standard Theatre, corroborated this evidence, adding that when prisoners first came out they make a great disturbance at the bar of the saloon.—Mr. Ellison said that the conduct the prisoners had been guilty of disgraced the very name of gentlemen. He fined Browning 20s. or fourteen days, and Marshall 40s. or a month.

AN AWWKWARD DILEMMA.—Ellen Erian was brought before Mr. Paget, charged with stealing a pair of boots from the person of a mechanic named Taylor. The prosecutor was drinking on Friday, and became intoxicated. While in that state his boots were taken from his feet. They were found on the prisoner, who was offering them for sale. The boots were valued at 8s.—The prisoner, in answer to questions put to her, said: I will be tried by a jury at the sessions. I am not guilty. I found the boots.—Mr. Paget: You are committed for trial.—The prosecutor asked of his boots.—Mr. Paget: They will be given up to you after the trial.—The prosecutor: I am baffled. I have no other boots, and I can't go to my workshop and wait about without anything on my feet.—Mr. Paget asked Inspector Gee if he had a pair of old policemen's boots to lend the man.—Inspector Gee: No, sir, I have not, indeed. The policemen sell them when they cannot wear them any longer.—Mr. Paget: Let him have his boots, but stamp them so that they can be identified at the sessions.

DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT.—John Jackson, a well-dressed man, who was described on the charge-sheet as a solicitor, of No. 5, Took's-court, Castle-street, Chancery-lane, surrendered, in discharge of his bail, before Mr. Alderman Carter, to answer a charge of having assaulted a police-constable in the execution of his duty. It appeared from the evidence that on Friday a very respectable married couple, named Ludlow, went to see Mrs. Ludlow's mother, who was dangerously ill, at Camberwell, and on their return by the train they came out at different doors. While she

was walking quietly along with a little boy by her side, the defendant came up drunk, and seeing her unprotected made use of insulting expressions. Mrs. Ludlow became exceedingly indignant, and her husband coming up at the moment he protected his wife. Seeing that the defendant was drunk, he advised him to go away; and a friend who was with him tried to get him away, but he would not go. He continued to create a great disturbance, until at last Mrs. Ludlow, who had been confined only a month, went into hysterics. Police-constables Thomas Evenden, 419, and Frederick Roberts, 431, then came up, and endeavoured to induce the defendant to go away, but he would not; and at length he struck Evenden, and was then taken into custody. For the defence a dastardly attempt was made to stigmatise Mrs. Ludlow as an improper character, but—Mr. T. Wavell, a gentleman who saw all that occurred, said there was not the slightest ground for the suggestion that Mrs. Ludlow was otherwise than respectable. He also wished to state that the forbearance and evenness of temper of the police-officers, under the trying circumstances they went through, were remarkable.—Mr. Alderman Carter asked if Mrs. Ludlow was present.—Evenden said she was not, and he feared she had been too much upset, under the circumstances, to leave her house.—Mr. Alderman Carter was quite satisfied there was no imputation resting upon Mrs. Ludlow's respectability. It was a very serious charge, and people who chose to get drunk must be taught that respectable women would be protected in the streets of London. He would fine the defendant, 40s., or in default 10 days' imprisonment with hard labour. The fine was at once paid.

ASSAULTS BY A SOLDIER.—Leonard Green, 21, a private in the 2nd Battalion Scots Fusilier Guards, was charged at Lambeth with being drunk and committing a series of assaults.—Mrs. Copper, who stated that she was 73 years of age, said she was in Lambeth-walk on Saturday night, about nine o'clock, when the prisoner knocked her down, and kicked her violently on the legs.—Mrs. Hunt, Mr. W. Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson were all likewise assaulted by the prisoner, without the least provocation having been given him. The prisoner was very drunk at the time.—Mr. Woolrich said the prisoner's conduct had been cruel and cowardly, and he must be imprisoned for six months, with hard labour.—Mrs. Copper was ordered a gratuity from the poor-box.

THE MURDER AT WELLS.—On Monday morning the three prisoners, Robert Sweet, an ostler, James Biggrove, and Elizabeth Drew, were again brought before the Wells magistrates, in the custody of Mr. Carter, the Governor of Shepton Mallet gaol, charged with the murder of George Cornish, on the morning of Monday, the 3rd inst. There was great excitement in the usually quiet and dull town, partly in consequence of the sudden illness of the prisoner Biggrove, but mainly because it was generally, but incorrectly, believed that the woman Drew would turn Queen's evidence. After a long examination, the three prisoners were severally committed for trial at the next assizes at Taunton, for the wilful murder of George Cornish.

DOUBLE ASSAULT BY A PRIEST.—At Castletown-Bar petty sessions, on Friday, Sub-constable John Sullivan summoned the Rev. Michael O'Reilly, P.P., for assaulting him when in the exercise of his duty, on the 6th of last month. The sub-constable stated that on the day named he met a young woman, about two o'clock in the day, and stopped to speak to her for a moment, when the Rev. Mr. O'Reilly and his curate came up. Mr. O'Reilly struck the girl several times with his umbrella. He (witness) felt it his duty to interfere, and on attempting to protect her the rev. gentleman struck him with the same weapon, and hurt his arm severely. Rev. Mr. O'Reilly—I admit what he states to be true. I felt irritated at the moment at seeing the policeman speaking to the girl. I had frequently spoken to him on the subject before. Sullivan—Imputations have been attempted to be cast on this girl, and I say they are most unfounded. Her character stands as high as that of any girl in the parish, and she has been brutally assaulted by Mr. O'Reilly. Mr. O'Reilly—There are matters connected with this case which I don't wish to refer to. Sullivan—I say I defy you to bring forward a single circumstance either against my character or hers. You wish her to marry another to put money in your own pocket. You asserted the last court-day that it was in the cause of morality you interfered. Mr. O'Reilly—I deny I said so. The defendant having expressed his regret for the assault, and Sub-constable Sullivan not pressing for any punishment, the court ordered Mr. O'Reilly to pay the costs. The next case was a complaint on the part of the sub-constable against the defendant for assaulting Julia Kelly. Sullivan proved the facts as before stated, and the magistrates having consulted for a few minutes, the chairman (Mr. Armstrong) announced the decision of court, that Mr. O'Reilly pay a fine of 5s. and costs, or one week's imprisonment. The fine was at once paid.

REMARKABLE OUTRAGE IN YOUGHAL.—On Sunday, at noon, eight armed men visited the house of Dr. Drew, rector of Youghal, when absent at service, and searched for arms, swearing the servants never to divulge. A lady resident in the house offering resistance, the leader fired a revolver without effect. A Cork artisan was arrested at Youghal, and identified.

FEROCIOUS AFFRAY BETWEEN AN AMERICAN AND A NEGRO.—An American named Wilson, and a negro named Fitzroy Bernal were drinking in a Hull public-house on Saturday night. They began to quarrel, and on getting into the street Wilson suddenly drew a knife from a sheath and made a stab at Bernal, cutting off the tip of his nose, and otherwise very severely injuring him. Bernal in a fearful rage, ran after Wilson, and caught hold of him by the waist, and dashed his head several times on the flag, rendering him insensible. Bernal was secured and taken to the police-station, but the other man had to be conveyed to the dispensary, and for some time it was rumoured that he was dead. Both men, however, were progressing favourably, though they are seriously injured.

## SUMMARY VENGEANCE UPON A NEGRO IN TENNESSEE.

A NEGRO named William Gustine, brutally outraged a white girl, very young, named Ezell, on Thursday morning, 16th ult., six miles beyond Franklin, on the Carter's Creek turnpike. She was found in a state of insensibility. Soon after the recital of the horrid deed, her relatives started in pursuit of the fiend, but did not succeed in capturing him until three o'clock Friday afternoon, near the farm of Mr. Boyd, within six miles of Franklin. He was taken to that place and lodged in jail for safe-keeping the same day.—At the striking of the midnight bell, a well known signal was sounded throughout the town as a body of horse-men, in the uniform of the Klan, apparently about three hundred strong, rode into the place. The corner of every street was strictly guarded by the sentinels, and no one was allowed to go out of their lines. A number of men immediately proceeded to the jail, obtained the keys from the reluctant jailer, took out the prisoner, carried him to Douglas Church, four miles and a half from Franklin, on the Lewisburg turnpike, shot him twice through the head, and left him lying dead near the roadside. They soon after dispersed, but at what exact time or to what locality is not known. They were all mounted. Gustine was found the next morning, and it was discovered that the hogs had commenced eating away his face. The coroner held an inquest on the body, and the jury returned a verdict that he came to his death by falls from a post in the hands of persons unknown. No disturbance what was said to have been created in his removal from town, and most of the people were not aware that anything unusual had occurred until the following morning. Gustine was not only shot for the crime upon Miss Ezell, but also for dragging two colored girls.

Troops are said to have been moved by two negro gentry keeping off-burning the town, but nothing of the kind has yet been accepted. —New York Herald.



## BRUTALITY ON THE HIGH SEAS.

ANSEL LARKIN, a sailor, twenty-three years of age, was indicted, at Liverpool, for the murder of Donald McDonald, a seaman on board the ship Lydia Thompson (of which Larkin was first mate), on the voyage from Jamaica to Liverpool, in April last.

Mr. Peel (with whom appeared Mr. Potter), in stating the case for the prosecution, said that the Lydia left Black River, Jamaica, in March, with a mixed crew (white and coloured men); a number of able seamen and several boys. She was commanded by Captain Scovell. Donald McDonald was a coloured seaman, and about four weeks after the vessel sailed he was absent from duty. At midnight, the prisoner, taking a lantern, went to look for him, and found him lying ill under a boat in the forward part of the vessel. Larkin dragged him out, and with an iron belaying pin struck deceased with such violence that he fell down on the deck. He then kicked the deceased about the head and face to such an extent that McDonald was obliged to go below, being unfit for work. His body was hideously disfigured, and after lingering for three days in his berth he died. Before the assault upon the deceased the prisoner had been overheard in conversation with the captain to say, "If Scotty don't jump overboard as we are going back, by — I'll kill him going home."

The prisoner was sentenced to penal servitude for life.

## SHOOTING WITH INTENT TO MURDER.

At the Southwark police-court, on Tuesday, Clara Dixon, 35, a well-dressed woman, of rather singular appearance, was placed at the bar, before Mr. Partridge, charged with firing a loaded six-chambered revolver at Annie Pilbeam, with intent to shoot her.

The prosecutrix, a widow, said that she kept a coffee-house at 77, Old Kent-road. Between 9 and 10 o'clock on the previous night the prisoner came to her house with an elderly man, who stated he was her father, and asked if she could accommodate her with a bed. They seemed to be very respectable persons, and not noticing anything particular in her conduct she replied in the affirmative, and got a bed ready for her. The old gentlemen remained talking with her in the coffee-room until about 11 o'clock, when he left the house, and the prisoner was shown to her room. Witness remained up to admit some lodgers who were out, and a little before 12 o'clock she heard the prisoner call out, "There's a man up the chimney." Witness went to her and told her she was mistaken, and returned to the room adjoining. A few minutes after that, the prisoner came to the bedroom-door with a revolver in her right hand, and without saying a word she presented it towards her and fired it off. The bullet passed near her head, and struck the cornice. Witness ran away from her, calling out "Police" and "Murder," and a few minutes afterwards the door was forced open, and the prisoner was secured before she had an opportunity of firing the pistol at her again.

Thomas Jennings, a very respectable looking old man, said that he was a shoemaker, residing in Park-place, Lock's-fields. The prisoner was his daughter, and the wife of a seaman at present on foreign service. He had not seen her for a long time until the previous day, when she called on him and told him she was living at Whitechapel. Having no accommodation for her to sleep, and as it was a very wet night, he took her to the coffee-house in question to sleep. He left her apparently comfortable a little before 11, and about two hours afterwards he was called to the station-house, where he found her charged with shooting at the prosecutrix.

In answer to the magistrate, he said that he knew she had a pistol when he left her, and he had tried all he could to get it from her. She refused to give it him, saying she intended to shoot herself with it. He took no notice of that, as he thought it was not loaded.

Mr. Partridge asked if he did not know she was queer in her mind.

Witness replied that he knew that her mind was a little affected, but he never thought the pistol was loaded, or that she ever intended to use it.

Mr. Partridge told him his conduct was very indiscreet, to say the least of it, to leave his daughter with a stranger in the possession of such a deadly weapon. When he found he could not get it from her, he should have communicated with the police.

During the examination the prisoner was very much excited, and exclaimed several times, "I'll have a barrister to defend me," and on being remanded to the cells, she called out to her father, "Now mind you fetch me a barrister when I come again."

The prisoner was then quietly removed to the infirmary at Horsefunder-lane Gaol.

EX-MRS. PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—Various statements having been made in regard to a proposed visit of Mrs. Lincoln, widow of the late president, to England, under the protection of the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, it may be stated that that lady wrote to Mr. Johnson some time since his appointment as Minister to the court of St. James', inquiring as to when he would sail, and requesting to go out under his protection. In due course, Mr. Johnson informed her of his intention to sail from Baltimore, in the steamship Baltimore, of the Baltimore and Bremen line, on the 1st of August, stopping at Southampton, and since then, at her request, he has engaged passage for her on the same steamer, and she will sail hence, on her way to Scotland, under these auspices.—*New York Tribune*.

THE PRESS PANIC IN FRANCE.—The highly pacific declarations made by the Emperor Napoleon to the Mayor of Troyes do not appear very convincing to the French journals. The *Temps* says that those declarations appear to have been inspired by the desire of replying to the warlike rumours which recently came from beyond the Rhine. It seems to fear, however, that they will not have the effect of removing the present uncertainty. "Cannot the personal government

which to-day declares peace announce war to-morrow?" it asks. "Is not the ministry of war in full activity, and everything in readiness for sending a million of men into the field at the first signal?" The conclusion of the *Temps* is that in order to restore public confidence it is not words which are necessary, but acts. The *Avenir National*, quoting the Emperor's concluding words, "Have confidence in the future, and do not forget that God protects France," says, "The last remark is very melancholy, and will make many people ponder who would have preferred a positive declaration to this vague and supreme appeal to the celestial powers."

THE POLICE.—In a case heard at the Westminster Police-court last week, another addition was made to the magisterial censures which have lately fallen on the police. A waterman's apprentice was charged by a sergeant in the B division with drunkenness and disorderly conduct, but he proved not only that the accusation was unfounded, but that the sergeant had used unnecessary violence in taking him to prison, and, to use the words of the magistrate, had been "untruthful in the witness-box." Mr. Selfe added that he trusted he should not see the sergeant's face again, and intimated that he was not a suitable person to remain in the police. In another case under investigation, at Clerkenwell, it has been shown that an innocent man a short time ago convicted of stealing sheep on the evidence of three policemen, and sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

ENGLISH CLIMBERS.—A party of tourists have just broken fresh ground in a region hitherto unvisited by wandering Englishmen and Alpine climbers. The Caucasian Alps are the scene of the adventure, three gentlemen, named Freshfield, Moore, and Tucker, having ascended the Kasbek Mountain, which rises to a height of 16,500 feet, considerably above the level of the highest of the Swiss range, and beside which the "Monarch" of European mountains itself is dwarfed. The party bivouacked on the night of the 12th of July at a spot 11,200 feet above the sea level, started next morning at three, and attained the greatest summit at midday. They returned in safety by the northern slope the day after. It is the first occasion that the ascent was ever attempted, and a narrative of the journey would no doubt be full of interest, especially to members of the Alpine Club.

## THE PHARMACOPŒIA.

AN extract from the second edition (page 188) of the translation of the Pharmacopœia of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the 'Pharmacopœia') that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hæmorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of

COCKLE'S PILLS, which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic tonic nature. I think no better and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom—a muscular purge, and a mucous purge, and a hydrogogue purge, combined, and their effects properly controlled by a dirigent and corrigent. That it does not commonly produce hæmorrhoids, like most aloetic pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no dissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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Of the numerous invaluable discoveries which modern Chemistry has placed at the disposal of the Faculty, it may be safely asserted that there is not one, the properties of which entitle it to such universal admiration and patronage as "MEASAM'S MEDICATED CREAM." Its application in the prevention, as well as in the cure of disease, is so varied and useful, as scarcely to be described within the limits of an advertisement; suffice it to say, however, that in RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, GOUT, LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, PILES, FISTULA, PAINS IN THE CHEST AND LIMBS, TIC-DOLOREUX, or any disease arising from colds, &c., its efficacy in at once removing those diseases, and even in the chronic and more severe forms, of giving immediate relief, is truly astonishing, and must be seen to be believed. It is equally eradicator of RINGWORM, ERYSIPELAS, SCROFULA, and other epidemic diseases, producing regular action of the pores; in fact, assisting Nature to throw off the superfluous fluids by what is called perspiration, sensible and insensible, but more particularly the latter; thereby regulating the circulation, rendering the skin clear and healthy, and giving that tone and vigour to the whole system without which life can scarcely be said to be enjoyed. In BURNS, SCALDS, CORNS, BRUISES, OLD PHAGEDENIC WOUNDS, &c., it has likewise no equal; and as a cosmetic for the toilet or nursery, in removing BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, DISCOLORATIONS, and those cutaneous eruptions incidental to children and young people (used in solution), its properties cannot be over-estimated; it is, therefore, recommended to the heads of families, and especially to mothers and nurses, who, by its habitual and judicious use upon those under their care, will prevent many of those diseases which become, in the course of years, engrained; as it were into the system, and often supposed to be hereditary. For BATHING, in the adult—if before taking it it is well rubbed in—it will be found a perfect luxury, being as delicate as the finest Eau de Cologne, the rough cleansing the skin—the pores of which, from our habits of clothing, &c., are liable to become

stopped, thus obstructing the escape of the fluids before alluded to, and inducing a numerous class of diseases; indeed, three-fourths of those with which mankind is afflicted are attributable to this cause alone; the fluids known as sensible and insensible or zævous perspiration, being as unfit to be thrown back upon the system, to be used a second time, as is the air which has been once ejected from the lungs, which, it is well known, cannot be breathed again and again without becoming destructive to health, and very speedily even to life itself; and these fluids must be thrown back if nature be resisted in her efforts to dispose of them, which, in civilised life, is unquestionably the case; hence arise indigestion, headache, loss of appetite, languor or debility, stupor, restlessness, faintings, evil forebodings, inaptitude for business or pleasure, and those diseases already enumerated, which the savage knows not of; these may be mostly, if not entirely, obviated by proper attention to the state of the skin. And here it should be remarked, how erroneous is the notion entertained by many, that when they have washed themselves, or taken a bath, that everything necessary has been done—the fact being, that water will have little or no effect in dissolving the incrustation, so to speak, of the dried or obstructed perspiration. It is therefore recommended that a little of the Medicated Cream be used daily, or at all events before washing or taking a bath.

Numbers of the Nobility, Clergy, and charitable persons are now using their endeavours to make its wonderful properties known, and distribute it largely to the poor. It is pronounced by all to be the purest and most innocent, at the same time the most efficacious article known, and no doubt exists of its shortly becoming the universal Family Medicament.

The Proprietor would particularly impress upon the public the fact, that it does not in the slightest degree partake of the nature of CREAMS, ordinarily so called, nor of those greasy applications known as OINTMENTS or SALVES, the use of which is repugnant to every feeling of delicacy, but on the contrary, is as delicate in its use as the finest Eau de Cologne.

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